



From a painting by Vincent G. Stiepevich

A DANCING GIRL OF THE GRAND SHEREEF



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"We make no choice among the varied paths where art and letters seek for truth"

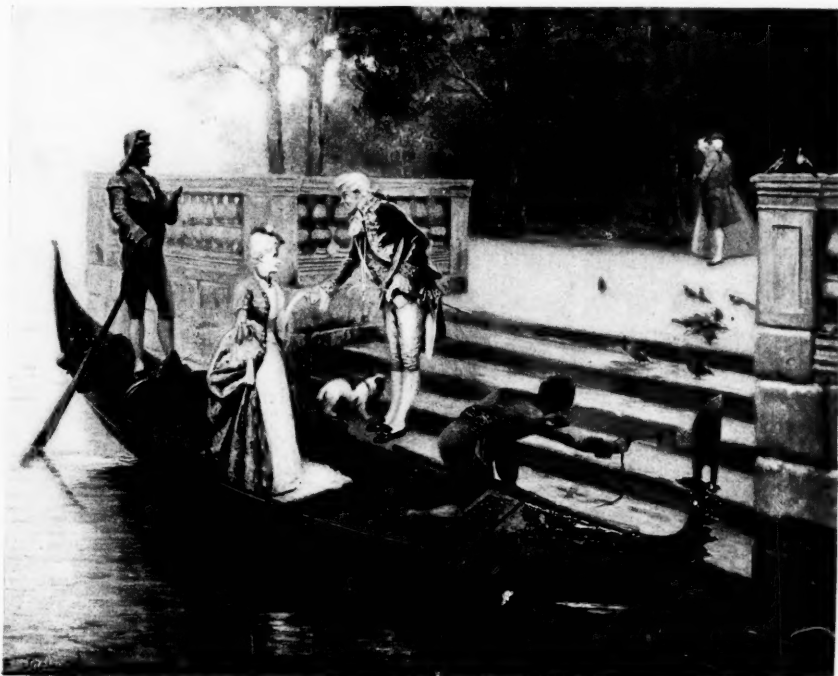
THE SCHOOL OF VENICE

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE

With original illustrations by Vincent G. Stiepevich.

THAT climate and surroundings have the greatest possible influence on the art of a nation is unquestionable. Their influence is exercised primarily upon the character of the people, and the character of the people marks itself in their art.

Men paint as they think, and their thoughts are moulded by the land they live in and the special features of the life which is a part of their national existence. The art of modern Italy has as strong a stamp of individuality upon it as



NEAR THE PUBLIC GARDENS, VENICE



AT WORK

that of the Italy of the Renaissance, as to which there can be no mistake of identification. Modern in spirit as it is, and it is quite abreast in spirit with the time, it is in no sense imitative of any other school, or even reminiscent of it. Its slight affinity with the Spanish—an affinity merely of spirit and color—is largely due to latitude in the first place, and to that general sympathy of feeling which prevails among peoples allied to one common stock, as the Latin races are.

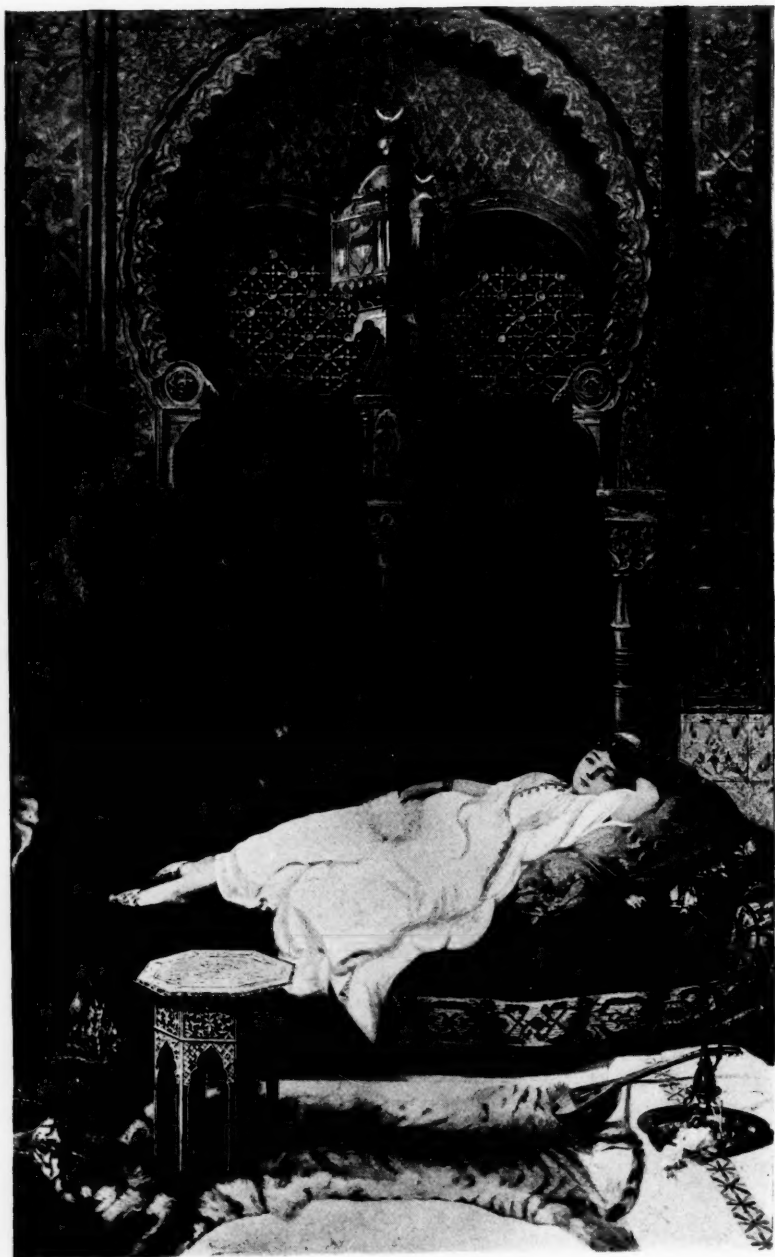
In the history of Italian art, that of Venice holds a place apart. It is characterized by an oriental voluptuousness of color, just as the art of Florence ran to a modernization of Greek classicism, and the dominating spirit of the church turned Roman art into the ecclesiastical channel. Venice, previous to the introduction of the long sea-voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, was the clearing-house of



THE GOSSIP OF STAMBOUL

traffic between Asia and western Europe. The trade of China, of Persia, of India, Arabia, Egypt and Turkey, passed up the Adriatic, and the mercantile adventurers of the Venetian Republic were among the explorers and exploiters of the mysterious splendors and fabled wealth of the orient. The real greatness of Venice lay in her commercial enterprise and supremacy, and her decline began when her control of the enormous resources which had enriched her faded before the competition of external advancement, and the rivalry of other nations narrowed the field of which she had so long held the monopoly. The commercial Venice was a power; the political Venice was a farce which invited its own overthrow.

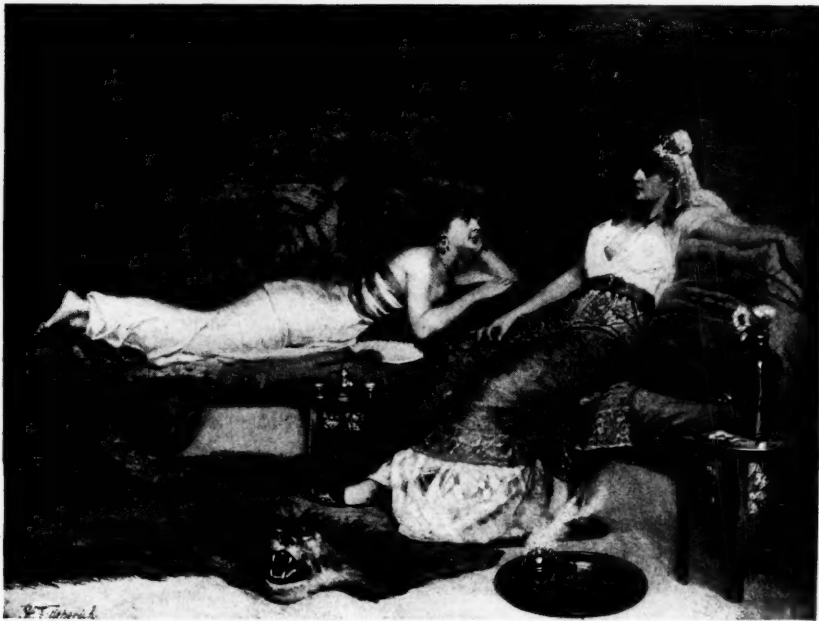
The eastern opulence, for which Venice provided an entry-port to the West, naturally exercised its influence upon her people. Her patricians were the most splendid in Europe. Her art took its shape and color from its surroundings.



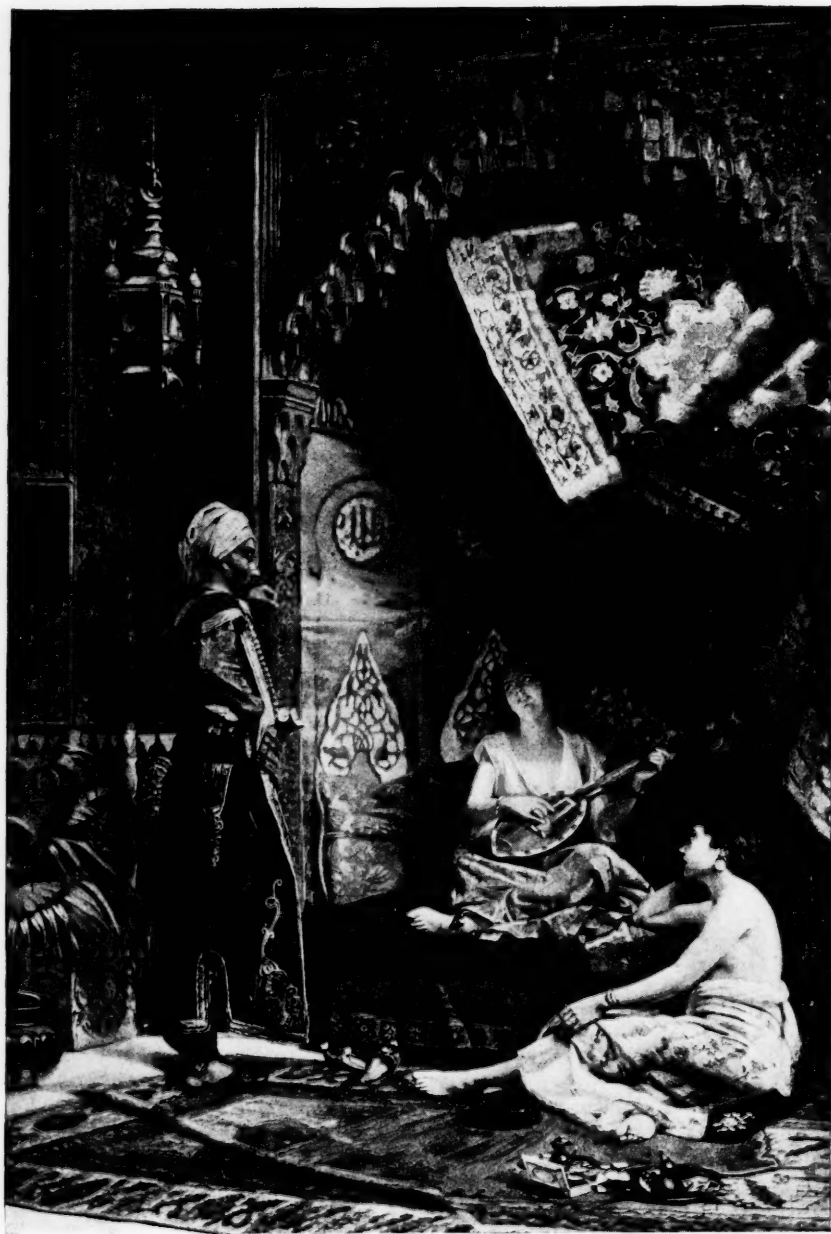
DOLCE FAR NIENTE

Grandiose in her business, she was grandiose also in her luxury. To this day the wonderful city of the lagoons remains a monument to a marvelous past, not only in her palaces and churches, in her architecture and her topographical features, but in the treasures of art, which, in spite of successive conquests by or subjugation to foreign powers, remain stored within her walls. During the period of the Austrian occupation, and the dark days of the French régime, the state lay practically dormant, but the artistic instinct of the people was not extinguished. Its revival commenced as soon as the iron thralldom of the stranger was removed, and its progress under the influences which have given such an enormous impulse to the advancement of the last quarter of a century has been proportionate to the progress of the art of other nations. The Venetian school, which to all appearances expired with Tiepolo, gained a new lease of life from the time when conditions became in the least degree favorable. The school stands to-day as a distinctive one. It has produced many men of strong original talent and consummate ability; it has served not only as an academy for the development of native talent, but as a finishing-school for men of other races; and the city, at the present time, shelters an active art-colony composed of painters of all nations, while it is a sacred place of pilgrimage for roving artists of the four quarters of the globe.

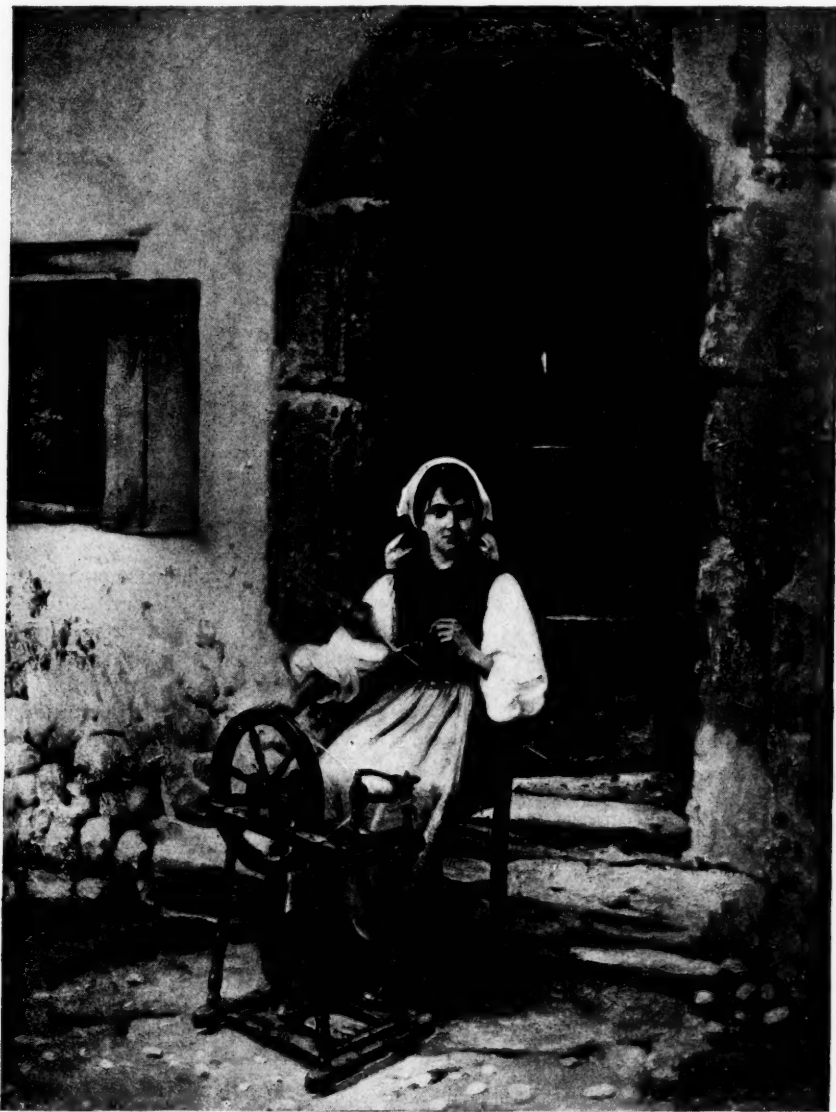
An able artist of the modern Italian school is Vincent G. Stiepevich. He was born in Venice, and so is a colorist by tradition and local heredity, and a decorator by transmission from the time when the great masters of Italy taught the art of decoration to the world. Political and social circumstances have changed since the day of Paul Veronese, but the decorative spirit still lives in the Italian heart.



A COZY TALK



AN IDLE HOUR IN THE SERAGLIO



FEEDING THE PETS

Mr. Stiepevich received his artistic education at the Royal Academy of Venice, under Professor Carl Von Blaas, a distinguished historical painter, who, although born in the Austrian Tyrol, founded his art in Italy and painted in the Italian feeling to the end. His first successes were made in water-color painting, for pictures in which medium he received the Academy bronze medal in 1862, and the grand prize for water-color in 1865. He had, all the while, been experimenting in oil



THE LEISURE HOUR

and fresco, and studying the art of decorative composition, which is so essentially distinct in many things from that of easel-painting in genre or history. In 1868 he had already taken a place of consideration among the decorative artists of Italy, and had settled in Milan, where he executed many highly successful frescoes for public commissions, as well as others upon private order. These won for him an election to membership of the Royal Academy of Milan, in which institution a number of his productions were exhibited. These had attracted the attention of tourists, and opened a market for him abroad, which was enlarged when, in 1869, he began to exhibit in Vienna. His works which passed out of Italy were chiefly genre pictures, the earlier ones showing somewhat of the influence of his master, Von Blaas, but gradually developing into a style entirely his own.

In 1872 he received the commission to decorate the grand hall of the Chamber of Commerce at St. Louis, Mo., and came to the United States. His work having preceded him to this country, he was no stranger in name, and found a private patronage here more profitable, probably, than his public commissions. Outside of some private collections, however, the New York public knew little of him until, in 1877, he sent his first exhibit to the National Academy of Design. With few exceptions, each subsequent annual exhibition here held examples of his art. He established his studio in New York, sent his pictures to the exhibitions at Boston, where he took a medal in 1890, Philadelphia, Chicago, and throughout the west: and, without relinquishing his activity in the decorative field, produced a steady succession of genre works which carried his reputation everywhere.

The graceful composition and picturesque character of his subjects, their strong, rich color, and conscientiously complete execution, render his cabinet and larger pictures equally adaptable to the gallery or to the embellishment of the home. Without making any pretension to mere story-telling, his works have the quality of suggesting a story, which the observer may adapt according to his own moods and fancies, a distinction which the public is never slow to recognize.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, THE PAINTER

BY GLEN MACDONOUGH

Illustrated from paintings by Joseph Jefferson.

If there be blessings in disguise there are also misfortunes in dominos—masked disasters with no hint of their danger upon their plausible exteriors, talents which are fatal, accomplishments which destroy. Among the first of these is versatility, and though always envied, the man of many gifts rarely escapes becoming the man of many failures. There are Jacks of all arts, as well as of all trades, and, like their proverbial brothers, they are masters of none. Their diffused abilities lack the focus which enables him of the single and concentrated talent to burn his name upon the summit of Parnassus. Admitting this to be a rule, and repeated illustrations justify its acceptance as one, a brief discussion of a prominent exception may be of interest.

Joseph Jefferson's achievements in the art of acting are so well known and brilliant, that both comment and information are superfluous. His one incursion into the fields of literature was a highly successful venture, and his story of himself easily takes high rank among autobiographies. Finally, as a painter of landscapes, he has reached a plane and produced results which command attention upon all of the points that compose artistic worth.

Mr. Jefferson's pictures can no longer be spoken of as the work of an able amateur. Study and toil have perfected a method and developed an individuality which entitle him to a recognized position among American artists. Over twenty



THE MILL

years have passed since he turned to painting as a relaxation. In time his amusement became his ambition, and his interest in his palette and canvas evolved into devotion. He carried the principle which dominated his stage-craft into his studio, and from the beginning faithfully adhered to it. Both behind the footlights and before the canvas Mr. Jefferson is an apostle of suggestion and an opponent of that art which is simply reproductive. Detail is worthless effort in his eyes. In portraying a character or a landscape he selects only those traits and lines which are effective, contending that it is not the mission of the artist to convert himself into a camera, but to reproduce only the impressive and agreeable in nature. The ineffective, and that which has no claim to reproduction beyond the fact that it exists, he ruthlessly eliminates; and it may be said that, after "holding the mirror up to nature," he always rearranges the reflection.

Like all beginners, he succumbed to the spell of a succession of illustrious adepts in his new art. First came Corot, and for a long time Mr. Jefferson faintly echoed the Chopin of landscape. Agreeable ghosts of the unmatched willows of Ville d'Avray, phantoms of the silvery spring skies which never existed anywhere but in fairyland and Corot's fancy, haunted Mr. Jefferson's easel, and in time that which was conscious copying became instinctive imitation. Before the latter was ingrained, he recognized his danger, shook off the influence of his first idol and turned his attention to Daubigny. Ville d'Avray gave place to the banks of the Oise, and the Normandy poplars and walled villages of the second master inspired his compositions for a long period.

While the industrious amateur followed in the brush-marks of these two great men who first inspired him, his acquaintance with art in general grew rapidly. The influence of Diaz and Rousseau resulted in a series of forest-scenes, robust



A MEMORY OF THE MIRAMICHI

and dramatic, filled with mossy rocks and the gnarled trunks of old oaks, catching vagrant splashes of sunlight upon their cool gray bark. Memories of frequent visits to the galleries of England produced clouds which were second cousins to the turbulent masses which lower in the pictures of Turner and Constable, and sketches of bleak hill and gloomy heath in the manner of Old Crome.

The scenery upon his Louisiana plantation caused Mr. Jefferson to strike his first individual note. No painter of mark had chosen this weirdly beautiful land



THE OLD MILL-DAM



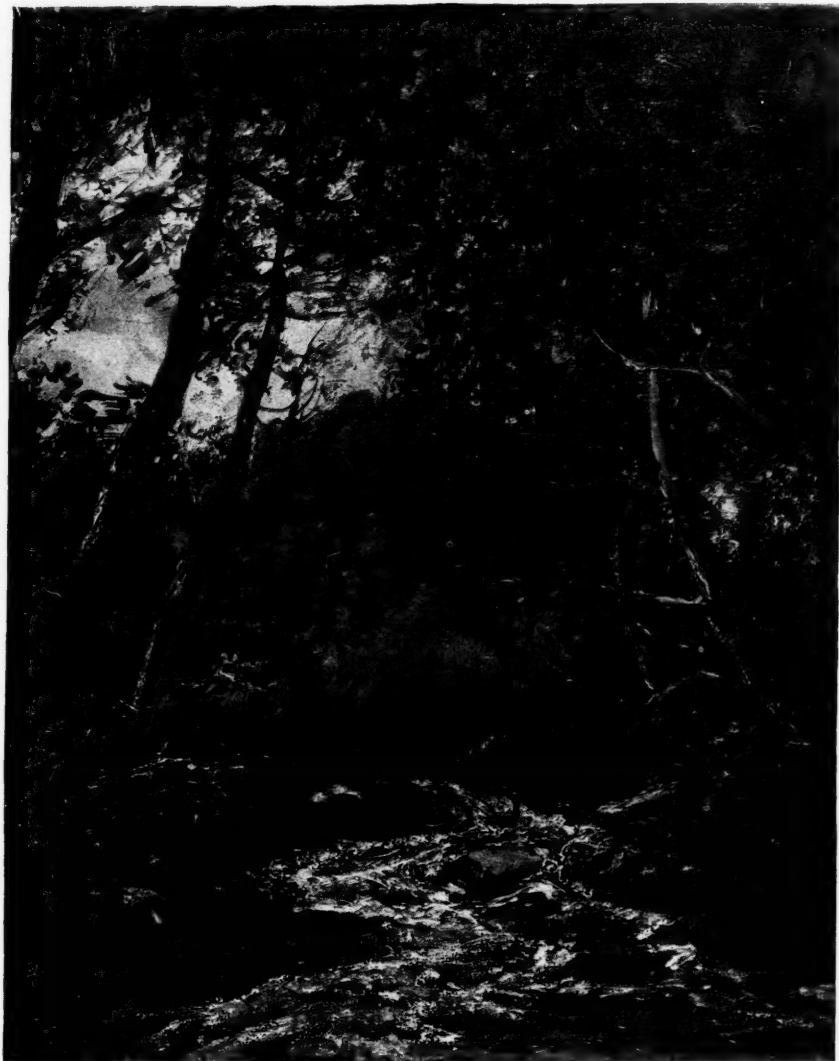
THE WILDERNESS

for his field, and Mr. Jefferson began to picture it with the enthusiasm of a pioneer and the conviction of a man who has discovered the good qualities of something which better judges have ignored. With a distinctly original treatment he rendered the bayous over which Lafitte once sailed, the fastnesses of live-oak and magnolia which long ago sheltered the buccaneers of Barataria, and the misty marshes that roll their waves of living green away to meet the blue waters of the Gulf. Confidence arose and with it came immediate improvement. Such was his success in this vein that he decided to exhibit; adverse opinion stimulated, praise encouraged, and with renewed ambition he began to develop and broaden his hard-won powers.

To Louisiana he owed his first stimulus toward the development of personality in his painting, but it was in the pine woods of the north that he found the subjects with which he could most effectively identify himself. A series of salmon-fishing trips to the Miramichi made him an intense admirer of the scenery of that region, and it has found in him a sympathetic interpreter. In glimpses of its foaming torrents, vistas of its pine-clad valleys, backed by shadowy mountains and broken by shining waters, he has realized his ambition. It is in pictures inspired by this regal stream that he has done, and will continue to do, his best work.

Mr. Jefferson's technique owes nothing to tuition and is the outcome of accurate instinct and endless experiment. Painters who have been educated in their art by rule and precept stand aghast at it. The way in which he works would startle a pupil of the Beaux Arts and astound a graduate of Munich.

His pictures are spontaneous and inspirational—no preparatory sketch, no preliminary thought. He begins by rubbing in something which may serve as the climax of a composition and leads away from it into the subordinate detail. One



NEAR CLEARWATER CAMP

thing suggests or destroys another and the unexpected in Mr. Jefferson's pictures always happens. To the onlooker in his studio all of his most striking effects seem to be the result of accident, unpremeditated and fortunate. It is a form of accident, however, which he has reduced to a science.

To preserve the vitality of his color and the freedom of his drawing he resorts to the strangest of vehicles to transfer the pigments from the palette to the canvas. A buzzard's feather, a bit of sponge, a piece of chamois-skin, are some of the

quaint substitutes for the brush which he employs. The rocks in his landscapes are created by a series of rubbings, dabs and sweeps with the middle joint of his index finger, and some of his most successful skies were conjured into being by a couple of slashes with a well-primed palette-knife.

At the present moment it would be an injustice to assign a place to Mr. Jefferson among American painters, or suggest the relative value of his art. The latter is not yet fully matured. One of the elements of enduring success, sincerity, it already has; a second indispensable quality, simplicity, it is rapidly acquiring.

In addition to painting pictures Mr. Jefferson has long been a collector of them. His experience has been a fortunate one, and while there are a number of private galleries in this country which excel his in point of numbers, none can surpass it in quality. His masterpieces were not purchased solely for the names which they bear. Nearly all of the masters have suffered from occasional lapses into mediocrity, and relied upon their signatures to cover a multitude of sins. Mr. Jefferson has

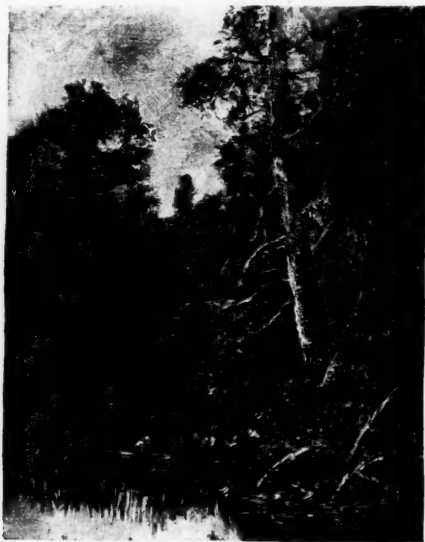
carefully avoided material of this order, and purchased only the best work of the best men.

The most important picture in his gallery is a magnificent Rembrandt, dated 1635. It is a family portrait, a Burgomaster's wife, splendidly preserved, and distinguished by all of the qualities which made Rembrandt what he was. A "Cavalier," by Sir Peter Lely, hangs beside it. A portrait commanding special interest is Sir Joshua Reynold's picture of himself. Painted soon after the sight of one of his eyes was lost forever, it carries an atmosphere of delicately suggested pathos which is most touching.

Three more great Englishmen keep Sir Joshua company. Sir Thomas Lawrence, with a portrait-group of children; George Hopner with a "Harvest Queen;" and George Mor-



MARSH AND MEADOW



THE PICKEREL'S PARADISE



STILL WATERS RUN DEEP

land with "The Bell Inn." Four panels by that drunkard in color, Monticelli, are prominent, and contrast strongly with the sober-toned peasants of Josef Israels and Neuhuys. Mr. Jefferson holds Mauve in high esteem; and the latter is strongly represented in his collection. The men who first inspired him, Corot and Daubigny, hold places of honor, and among the remainder are examples of Maris, Van Marcké, Edward Moran, Thomas Sully, Eugene Smith and Achenbach.



A ROCKY BROOK

IN GREEK COSTUME AT PELHAM BAY

BY JAMES H. CHAPMAN

Illustrated from photographs from life.

My friend Lasalle had been an enthusiast in amateur photography for many years, and, as a man of means with plenty of leisure, he was in the habit of devoting a great deal of time to his hobby. There were few New Yorkers who knew the suburbs of the metropolis so well; and his collection of privately made pictures, illustrating the wealth of landscape and historical interest in the neighborhood of the great city, was unsurpassed.

It was easy to foresee, therefore, that he would be highly interested when Reggie Van Wyck called upon him one evening with a proposition,—namely:

"Let us make some out-of-door negatives in Greek costume."

"Arn't you a bit mixed, my young friend?" Lasalle smiled back at his earnest companion in art. "I never heard of a photographic negative wearing any costume at all; and it would surely be improper to call a girl a negative, simply because she possessed the immemorial right of her sex to say NO!"

Nevertheless Lasalle listened to the young man's plan, and finally agreed to help him carry it out. It was arranged that the two should meet at Van Wyck's stable at 8 A. M. upon the second following day, and the latter accepted all responsibility as to preliminary arrangements.

Foremost in Van Wyck's preliminaries was the engagement of a couple of girls,—artists' models,—to occupy the Grecian gowns aforesaid, and to behave as two Greek maidens might do under the groves of some glen at the foot of Mount Olympus.



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WAITING FOR THE RESCUE



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IN THE ARMS OF THE OLD OAK

The party assembled at the appointed hour and bestowed themselves in Reggie's surrey, which was already so full of costumes, cameras, etc., as to leave little room for the operators in this classical expedition, and the four experimenters finally started on their way to Pelham Bay Park, on the shore of Long Island Sound, where picturesqueness and freedom from interruption could be found.

Arriving there soon after noon, they put away the horses, loaded their arms with cameras and costumes, and wended their way toward the shore. Here stood a small cottage. It was unoccupied, to be sure, but there was a porch, and the hanging up of a few horse-blankets soon turned one corner into a dressing-room, within which the girls disappeared, speedily to emerge as Greek maidens



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"WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH"

apparelled in flowing white robes. They tripped barefooted across the grass and glided in and out among the thickets, calling up pictures of the golden days when Apollo tended the flocks of Admetus, and Pan made his goat-footed people merry among the groves and vineyards of Hellas.

"Oh, Mr. Lasalle!" called one, peeping through a curtain of Virginia creepers so thick that only her laughing eyes were visible, "See what I have found!"

"No matter what you've found," Lasalle shouted back. "Don't move."

And the enthusiast danced around to get his camera in place as though he thought this impromptu pose would vanish by some magic. But it stayed until the shutter snapped, and then the laughing eyes disappeared,—what they "had found" was wholly forgotten!

But Reggie was too much in earnest about his work to spend much time in playing. These young Greeks must prove their mettle, and he led the party off down the shady path to the shore, the girls walking very demurely, hand in hand, where there was a chaos of great rounded rocks among which the tides crept, and over which the spray had been leaping in every gale for unnumbered years.



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CLIMBING THE GNARLED ROCKS



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A PAIR OF LAUGHING EYES



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MOMENTS OF IDLENESS

These rocks were of the old primeval crystalline foundation of things about New York, composed of layers of black, gray, white, and reddish crystals and flakes, most curiously twisted and interwoven; and it was Van Wyck's idea that the soft white garments and rounded figures of the girls would find in them a most excellent background and foil to effective poses.

So he bade them climb the rocks while he brought the camera into readiness to shape them and their surroundings into picturesque adjustment. He was rather long in getting all his machinery where he wanted it, and the two girls, lulled by the lapping of the waves among the kelp, stretched themselves comfortably on



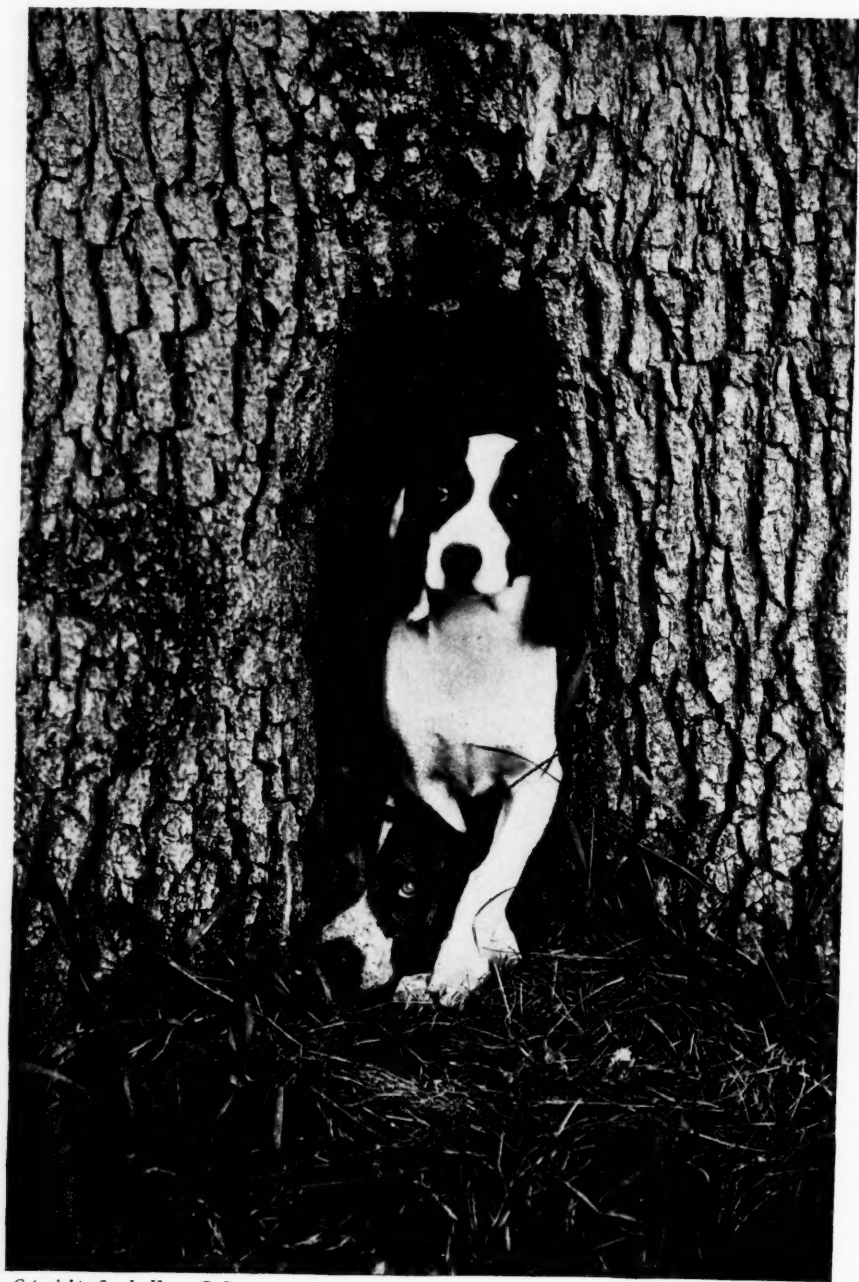
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A SIESTA BY THE SUMMER SEA



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THE PATH TO THE SHORE



Copyright, 1895, by Harry C. Jones

ONE OF NATURE'S KENNELS

the warm boulder, one half-asleep, the other poised on an elbow idly watching the men fussing with the camera, quite content to wait, and unconscious of the pretty picture they had innocently formed where they rested.

Finally the apparatus was ready, and then the work began. The results appear in the accompanying illustrations and are not hard to interpret, so that perhaps it would border on an impertinence to offer to explain the living pictures which these young people composed upon these grand rocks and among these fine groves by the sea, and fixed upon their plates for our delectation. If there be merit and material for enjoyment in them, it is largely due to seizing upon lucky com-



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LAMENTING BY THE "SAD SEA-WAVES"

binations of attitude and surroundings,—pleasing accidents which perhaps only trained women as models, and trained eyes and hands at the camera, could bring about. The girls find a rock almost too tall for them, and Lasalle catches their effort, half made. They drop their hair and crouch on top of a big boulder to give it a sun-bath, and Reggie accuses them of lamenting by the sad sea-waves, and photographs their simulated sorrow. The only carefully studied "pose" of the day was that reproduced on the opening page of this article, where it is to be imagined that these are shipwrecked persons,—one nearly exhausted and with difficulty kept from sliding off the sharp rock, while the other gazes anxiously toward the approaching but still distant rescuers.

Taking it altogether Lasalle admitted, when the day was done, and they drove back to the city, that Reggie Van Wyck had taught him something new.



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NATURE'S ARM-CHAIR



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A SECRET OF THE WOODS

MY PET SUBJECT

By ARTHUR HOEBER

Fifth paper, with original illustrations by various artists.



Drawn by C. W. Traver

MY DOG

THERE is a mysterious something about the choice of subject that makes or mars a picture, but which is difficult to define, so subtle is it. Many of the successful paintings, works that live and are agreeably remembered, are extremely simple, not depending for their vogue on elaboration, or the number of figures in the composition, or upon any trick of startling light or effect; and such a success, it seems to us, may have been attained by Mr. Traver in his portrait of his faithful, honest dog—a *pet* subject in more senses than one.

Frederick S. Dellenbaugh is many-sided in his gifts, and is very much at home with his brush or, in a literary way, with his pen. It is suspected that his favorite *motif* is always the one he is engaged upon at the moment. The artisan in the work-shop, the wild western Indian, especially the picturesque Zuñian, in blankets of crude reds, blues and yellows; the Breton peasant, stern of face and quaint of garb, or the glass-workers of Ellenville, are all the same to him; or he will turn

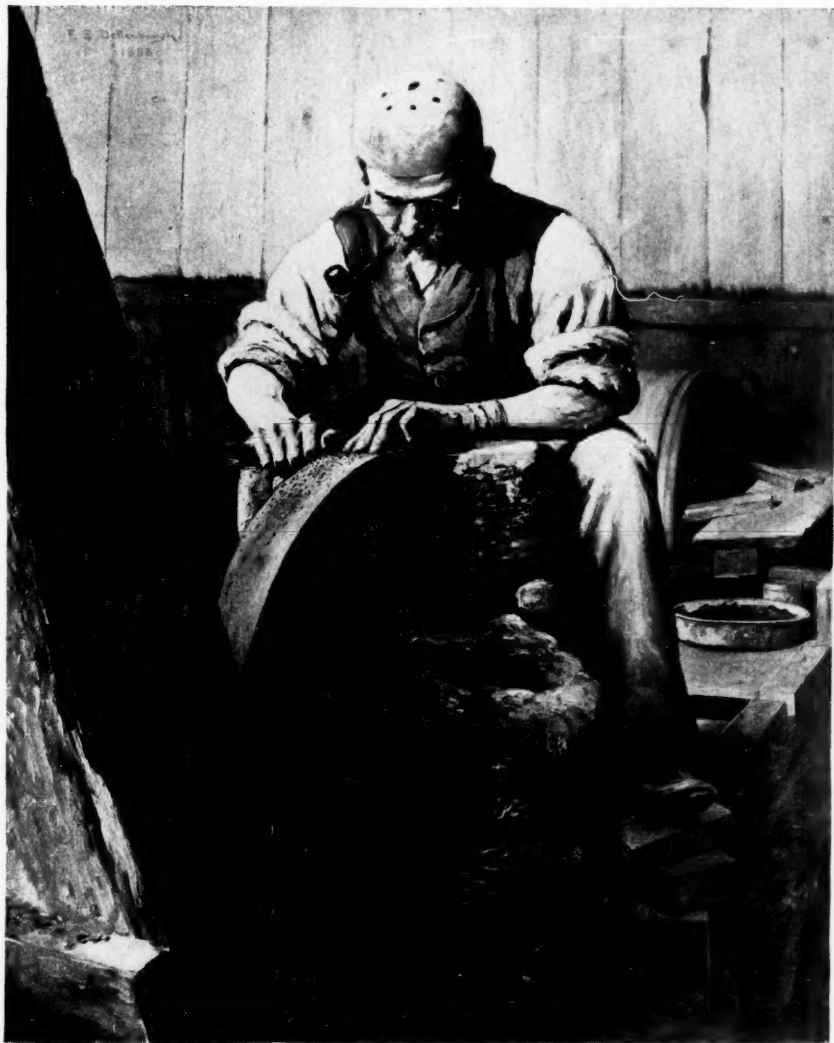


From a painting by Albert Insley

A COOL MORNING

away from these and dash off an interesting story of the cañons of the Colorado with equal facility and in quite as interesting a way.

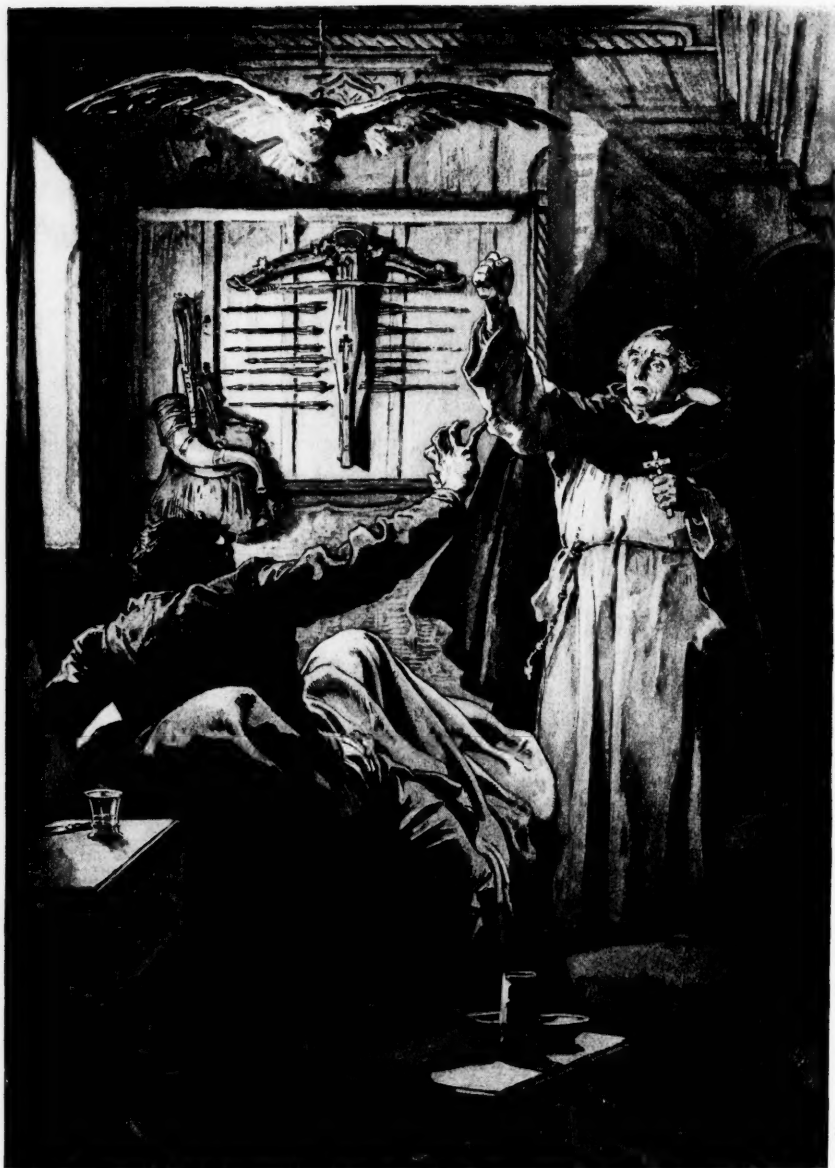
Albert Insley does not evolve, though he gives, it is true, to all his bits of nat-



From a painting by Frederick Dellenbaugh

A MECHANIC

ure an individuality of his own that never fails to be attractive, and he has an appreciation of graceful landscape-composition quite marked. There is as much in knowing what to leave out in nature as in choosing the point of view. Both experience and intuition must be utilized if one would make an interesting canvas.



Drawn by Woldemar Frederick

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. IX.—DEATH OF COUNT HACKELBEREND

Abbot Paulus sternly reminds the dying Count of his sins, especially as to Hildegard. Hackelberend refuses absolution, and demands freedom to hunt after death, whereupon Paulus lays upon him the curse, that he shall hunt till Doom.



THE SWAY OF THE CRINOLINE

BY HELEN INGERSOLL

Illustrated from drawings by contemporary artists.



COSTUME with all its vagaries, is the last study in which we would expect to find illustrations of the survival of the fittest, yet even among laces and ribbons—all the dainty frou-frou of woman's belongings—that which is most appropriate to the time and the manners is surest to be handed down.



The history of French costume since the beginning of the nineteenth century may naturally be divided into two parts. One, the Napoleonic era, when short waists and clinging draperies prevailed; the other, dating from the Revolution of July, 1830, when Louis Philippe ascended to the people's throne of France and inaugurated a period of great expansion in various articles of dress. The years between the fall of the Empire and the enthronement of the "King of the Tricolor," saw the gradual merging of the one motive of dress into the other; and, just as the changing lights on the stage give a different spirit to a scene, so the changing costume ushered in a new act of the spectacular drama of French life the theater of national history.

Fair women gave themselves up to romance during the first years of Louis Philippe's reign, fixing the name Romantic Age upon that period of dress. They endeavored to model themselves after Byron's heroines, "dined on hummingbird's eggs," and fairly made themselves ill by trying to induce and maintain an "interesting" pallor and frailty. Belles dabbled in art and letters. They criticised with equal indifference the singers in a favorite opera or the gown of Madame in front of them, and raved over the pictures of Delaroche and Vernet. Feminine dress was somewhat affected by the paintings in the salons, and by the stage. All manner of coiffures were copied exactly from the heroines of artist or dramatist.



The typical gowns of the period seem charming as we look back at them, perhaps through the glamour caused by our modern adaptations of the same styles; but then, as always, they were designed for a slender figure. What stout woman could with any conscience wear skirts just reaching to the ankles, and sleeves projecting on each side, as if the panniers of the Old Régime had been raised to the shoulders of the fair dames of 1830. These sleeves were puffed out so far that whalebones were sometimes run around the greatest circumference, or little balloons stuffed with down kept the soft fabrics distended; over each shoulder flared multiple capes sloping into points at the broad belt, which now lay in a natural position. The skirts were very wide at the bottom, and were often much trimmed.

Turbans, of every size and material, had never lost their popularity since their introduction in Napoleon's time, and the performance of "La Juive" deluged Paris with Jewish styles. But



the most picturesque feature of the fashions of 1830 was the hat. It had a great flaring brim, heavily trimmed with lace; long soft ostrich-feathers curled among the puffs of lace and bow-knots of ribbon about the crown, or nodded over the edge; and the whole was set jauntily on one side of the head, with many yards of tulle or ribbon fluttering uselessly about the shoulders. Another style of headgear, the great bonnet fashioned after a coal-scuttle, was designed to cover an elaborate coiffure. An old illustration shows a hair-dresser compelled to mount upon stilts in order to twist up the locks of a lady sitting in front of him. The hairdresser was a very important person about 1830, and he clustered Madame's curls about her temples, or piled huge puffs and bow-knots

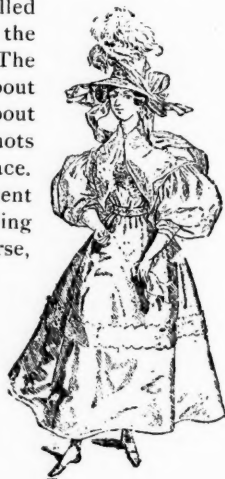
of hair on top of her head in harmony with the shape of her face.

Women flourished under the Monarchy of July. They went alone to lectures and salons, and there was even a foreshadowing of the "new woman," since they handled stocks on the Bourse, wearing there a severe costume suitable to the place, for the French woman never forgot appropriateness.

In the brilliant evenings the Parisiennes walked under the

trees of the Champs Elysées in gowns of organdie or muslin, and enfolded themselves in the pelerine, or a double mantle, or capes of black lace lined with colored taffeta; and at the opera-balls, during the Carnival, the great majority of women concealed themselves under dominoes of every color. It was at one of these balls that the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, received his partner from the gallery by means of friendly hands in the tiers of boxes, who passed her down to him outside the gilded fronts.

Scarfs were still much used in summer, and draped in many graceful ways. A new fashion that might be seen in the carriages at Longchamps, which had been the great show-place of society since the Reign of Terror, was that of wearing blouses; and the belles sometimes owned as many as thirty of these convenient articles, made of all materials,





from percale for the morning, to fine India muslin for evening wear. They adopted whichever one in color, or fashion best harmonized with their mood of the moment. The cane-zou, a sort of primitive jersey, was occasionally worn with separate skirts. After the Algerian victories the tricolored stuffs, always brought out when an exciting event stirred up the volatile but ever patriotic Parisians, were somewhat used.

The appearance of "The Pickwick Papers," in England, in 1836, gave the name of Dickens's hero to coats, canes, and to hats with narrow brims curved up at the side, as in the great novelist's drawings of the immortal Pickwick.

A pretty variation in the mode of using veils arose among the women about the same time, wherein the large scarf or veil was so thrown back from the face as to lie between the crown and brim of the huge bonnet, leaving its long ends hanging softly like a fichu to the waist. Young married women wore upon their heads, at home, little tufts of lace and ribbon; and for a while these small caps were to be seen at the theater instead of flaring hatbrims, to the great relief of the remainder of the audience.



The year 1840 introduced into Paris a sudden fancy for applying to various objects and persons names borrowed from the menagerie in the Jardin des Plantes. Grooms were then first called "tigers," and such a fair dame as in former times would have been called *une elegante*, became now *une lionne*, a title that Alfred de Musset had given to one of his heroines, when he sought rhymes for *à Barcelone*, *à l'automne*, and the like. *Les lionnes* were of

different species, but their general characteristic was a disposition to copy the men; to ride on horseback, an exercise to which French women do not seem to be greatly attracted; to attend steeple-chases; to shoot, and to show no great disinclination for champagne frappé. It was only another tem-



porary invasion of Anglomania affecting only a few persons.

One curious incident of this time is that mentioned, in enumerating her gowns, by a lady who remarks that she had forgotten the one she wore on the days when an assassin had attempted to take the life of the king or one of his family. It had become the fashion to call at once at the Tuileries to



congratulate the king after such escapes, which were very frequent, as we notice in reading the memoirs of the Prince de Joinville; and sad-colored garments were kept on hand for such occasions by those privileged to present themselves at the palace.

In 1848 the American Amelia Bloomer endeavored to make a way for the odd costume which has been resurrected in a modified form by bicycle-riders, though the modern "bloomers" bear more resemblance to a zouave's uniform than to Mrs. Bloomer's ideal. The original Bloomer-suit consisted of long full trousers, closely clasped at the ankle and ornamented there with frills. Above these were a short skirt with many ruffles, and a man's coat and vest with masculine accessories about the throat, absurdly topped by a broad-brimmed, beflowered, and essentially feminine Leghorn hat. Its ugliness defeated its good intentions.

Sleeves gradually grew smaller, and by 1850 fitted close to the upper arm with a long shoulder-seam, but flared slightly at the elbow. Italian straw bonnets were first introduced in the same year, and were smaller in size than before, with garlands of artificial flowers.

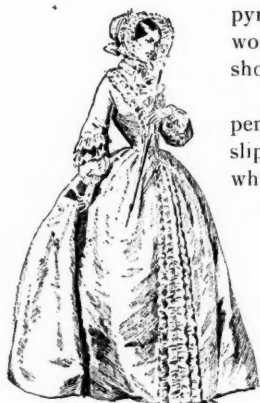
With their usual faculty for adopting foreign articles, the Parisians now wore Algerian burnouses as opera-cloaks. They had previously appeared in "Chinese tunics" and "vestes Polonoise,"—all with a Parisian touch of make and

passementerie. Crêpe shawls, wonderfully embroidered by Chinese fingers, or pieces of tulle imitating Valenciennes lace, took the place of the Kashmir shawls prevalent at the beginning of this century.

Such were the steps by which fashion approached the crowning event in dress of the 19th century—the crinoline.

The fair dames of the Second Empire, whether short or tall, were forced into these iron cages by the inexorable decrees of the *modistes*. It is easy to see how the multiple petticoats, stiffened with starch or whalebones in the hem, and flaring out about the feet, until a woman of 1850 looked like a





pyramid, gradually rendered necessary some sort of framework to support their weight; but why the ugly crinoline should have remained in vogue so long is a mystery.

The fashion spread over all western Europe and America, penetrating the utmost fastnesses of the Rockies. Savages slipped into the hoopskirt which they had taken from their white victims, and flourished about in this airy costume. The pages of *Punch* about 1860 are filled with caricatures of the crinoline, showing the havoc caused by a maid-servant's hoops as she swirls among delicate bric-à-brac, or the disastrous effect of a lively breeze upon the voluminous draperies of her mistress.

It goes without saying that the "tilters," as they were dubbed by irreverent Yankees, were inconvenient. Even now we hear harrowing tales of young women immovably fixed on fences that they had attempted to scale, only to find themselves hung up helplessly upon some lurking nail that had maliciously caught one of the barrel-hoops that encircled them.

The light steel circles around the body were arranged into several different kinds of hoopskirts, but all wobbled ungracefully as the wearer walked, and the steel often snapped, with disastrous results to skin and clothing. In the house crinolines were even more inconvenient. A lady, writing of the times of Eugénie, Empress of the French, says that, "It was with difficulty that three women sunk in their cages could sit together in a boudoir. It was accompanied by a mixture of all fashions. One recorded toilet placed draperies à la Grecque over the amplitude of the panniers of Louis XVI, with the basques of the Amazons of the Fronde, and the hanging sleeves of the Renaissance." She adds: "It is from the date of this period that the usage, out of fashion to-day, of offering the arm to the women in the salons, or for accompanying them in the street, has been lost." One can appreciate this who has laughed at the efforts of the jovial highwayman in "Erminie" to dance with the

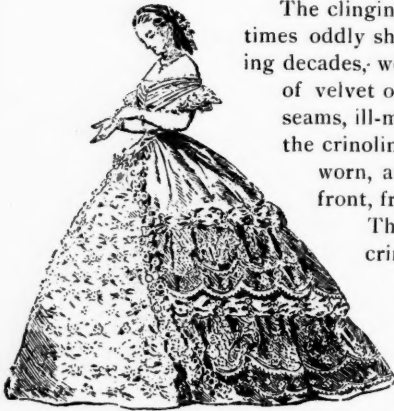


Princess, who was buttressed in a swaying, supple cone of steel which continually tripped him up.



When the crinoline had arrived at the period of its greatest expansion, women began to enlarge their knots of hair, which had been worn in Spanish fashion à l'Eugénie, who rolled it back from her forehead. From this developed, about 1862, the first chignons, which soon attained a vast size, eked out by false hair, which was braided, or jammed in a wad into a net, resting low upon the neck, while long ribbons fluttered from the top of the head. The ridiculous little hats tilted far forward, and familiar to us in war-time pictures, were naturally the only sort that such a coiffure would admit of.

The Sway of the Crinoline



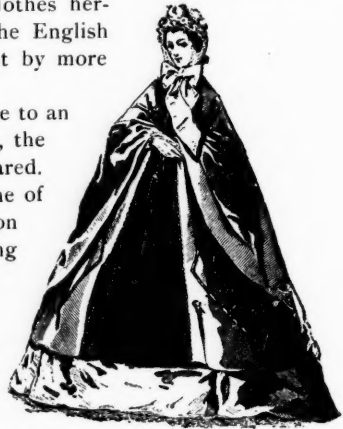
The clinging shawls and scarfs of 1830, and the sometimes oddly shaped but not ungraceful mantles of the following decades, were superseded by bulky, bell-shaped wraps, of velvet or cloth, ugly in design, with long shoulder-seams, ill-made sleeves, and with skirts flaring widely over the crinoline. Bonnets, shaped like a scoop, were also worn, and were not unbecoming when seen from the front, framing the face in an oval of artificial flowers.

The Empress Eugenie, who had fostered the crinoline, suddenly revolted and in 1860, after her visit to the Alps, introduced short skirts, but this improvement had a brief existence. Some time before this Dr. Mary Walker had tried to introduce entirely masculine suits for feminine wearers. She wore a man's clothes her-

self, but only succeeded in being mobbed by the English audiences to whom she lectured, and laughed at by more tolerant and humor-loving Americans.

Slowly, but surely, as the Second Empire came to an end, and Eugenie was sent hurrying out of Paris, the crinoline decreased in size and finally disappeared. To the honor of Worth, be it said that he was one of those who assisted in its disappearance. The fashion had only one merit, we are told, that of concealing the figures of all women, and showing only the throat and shoulders by the low-cut corsage; and in this particular the stout women for once gained an advantage over their slender sisters, whose svelte figures lost all their grace.

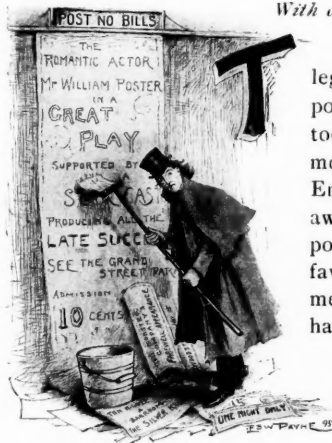
Modern costume, after passing through the various stages of these "pull-back" skirts, which were strapped tightly across the knees, rendering a free step well-nigh impossible; of the "bustle," which carried the heavy folds at the back of the skirt on a platform projecting from the waist; and of kilted skirts and "jerseys," seems now (if we except the immense sleeves), to have reached a rational standpoint. One wears that which is most suitable for the moment, and the fashions of 1895 will not look so absurd to the eyes of the next century as will those of 1870.



BARNSTORMERS

BY EDWARD PAYNE

With original illustrations by the author.



THE LEADING MAN

THE Knowall Dramatic Company was clearly on its last legs. We had been suffering from a severe attack of poor business for a month, and as the manager's face took on a sort of desperate expression the fact became more and more clear to us. The part of northern New England that leaves the White Mountains and stretches away toward the Atlantic, familiarly known as "the potato region," is rather uninviting under the most favorable circumstances; but to homesick, weary mummers, who each day come one step nearer dissolution, it has peculiarly unpleasant features.

It had become necessary to leave portions of our wardrobe at each hostelry we visited, and so the costume-plays had all been cut from our repertoire. The brass band had been reduced to four pieces, as several instruments had figured in forced sales; and the leading man was obliged to go on ahead after each performance, bill the next town, meet the company at the depot, play solo alto in the band for the street-parade, and at night give a strong performance of *Joe Morgan* in "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." That this unwonted exercise was beginning to tell on him, we could see, for every night he seemed to surpass his previous efforts in the de-



VISIONS OF MANAGERIAL OFFERS

lirium-tremens scene. He was a good fellow, and we all felt worried about him.

The leading lady was growing very despondent. She had come from a quiet village, and she used to say that the faces of her dear old relatives haunted her more and more. She was a graduate of a school of acting, and had hoped for better things than these. The heavy man was also solo trombone in the band, and



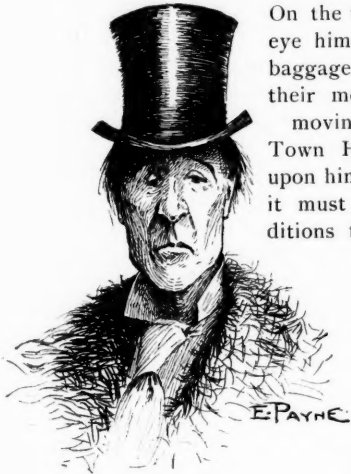
"THE LEADING LADY HAD COME FROM A QUIET VILLAGE"

played with renewed desperation each day,—in fact, he blew so much wrath into the instrument that the rest of us were completely drowned; but it was just as well, for we had lost interest in musical matters.

The trials of an actor who takes his art to the agricultural regions are practically unknown to the average theater-goer. To begin with, the Thespian is regarded with distrust in the provinces.

On the trains the conductors eye him keenly and weigh his baggage. The truckmen want their money in advance for moving his trunk to the Town Hall, the inn-keepers look upon him as a natural enemy, and it must be these unpleasant conditions that make him the picturesque character that he is.

He seldom, perhaps never, realizes his limitations, and produces "Jim the Penman" as cheerfully as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." His confidence in himself is beautiful to see, and he regards it as only a question of time when he shall make a hit and "walk



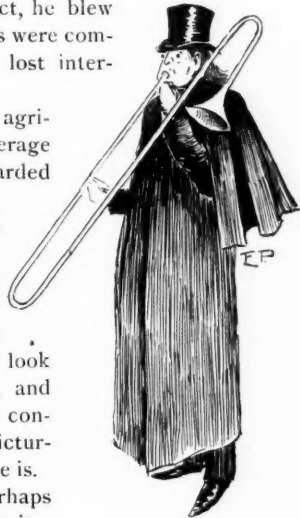
THE MANAGER

on velvet" for the remainder of his days. And yet with all his vanities he is generous to a fault, tender-hearted, ever ready to help an unfortunate of any description, and altogether a good fellow to meet.

The female portion of these traveling companies has nearly always been misrepresented. The soubrette is usually described as being the mother of the first old man, but she is frequently a very pretty little girl who lives among visions of managerial offers and sooner or later finds her way to a metropolitan engagement.

The soubrette in the Knowall Company was the soul of the whole party. Her merry smile was the balm of all our discouragements, and she was as much a favorite with this little band of wanderers as with her rural audiences.

There is something humorous about a small audience in a country theater. It



THE HEAVY MAN



THE SOUBRETTE AND HER RURAL ADMIRERS.



THE PROPRIETOR OF THE HOTEL AND HIS FAMILY IN THE FRONT ROW

usually consists of the proprietor of the hotel patronized by the company, and his family. They are always very appreciative, but nevertheless it is a hard house to play to. One night after we had presented "The Silver King" to an audience of the above description, Bilks came rushing into the dressing-room in a very excited frame of mind. Bilks was the "heavy," and he could be very effective when the occasion demanded.

"Do you know where Cameron is?" he shouted in his *Ingomar* voice. "I do not," said I. "Well I do, that is I mean I don't; but he's skipped and taken every red cent the company had, and we are lost,—lost in Aroostook County!"

It was sadly true. The manager had foreseen the end and had silently decamped. It's a way that managers have, and the indignation meeting that we organized on the spot is only one of hundreds that have been held in more or less remote and inhospitable parts of these United States.

We divided what little we had among the ladies, left our baggage with the irate landlord, who expressed a very different opinion of our last performance than his face in the front row had betokened, and departed upon our several ways; and in the gray twilight of that winter morning, as I looked on across the wastes of driving snow, I made a resolution.



"IN THE GRAY TWILIGHT I MADE A RESOLUTION"

LIVING MEDUSÆ

By ERNEST INGERSOLL.

Illustrated from drawings from living examples.

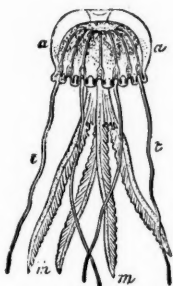


FIG. 1. A TYPICAL MEDUSA

Pelagia cyanella: *a*, disk, umbrella or swimming-bell; *m*, *m*, digestive and generative appendages (fringes); *t*, *t*, tentacles.

Those poetic souls who are ever seeking to discover the spiritual in nature, and contrasting it joyously with the sturdiness and substantiality that is usually too apparent to be idealized, ought to turn their gaze upon the medusæ. Even the term jellyfish, more commonly applied to these sea-swimmers (other names are inelegant), implies a solidity few approach and I shall therefore call them, as the zoologists do, medusæ.

How apt this name is, at any rate for the larger and commoner sorts, may be seen by a glance at figure 12, whose writhing stinging tentacles suggest nothing so obviously as the snaky locks of the fabled gorgon that Perseus killed, whose grimacing visage was mounted upon the ægis of Athena and copied by all good Greeks, even to this day (though they may not realize it), as an object frightful enough to ward off even the superhuman malignancy of the Evil Eye itself. But really there is no more harm in the one than in the other, the jellyfish being, in fact, hardly more substantial than the myth; and a curious incident may further be noted in respect to this name, since the class to which these delicate animals belong is called *Acalephs*, which means *stingers*, because its principal members are furnished with powerful urticating organs.

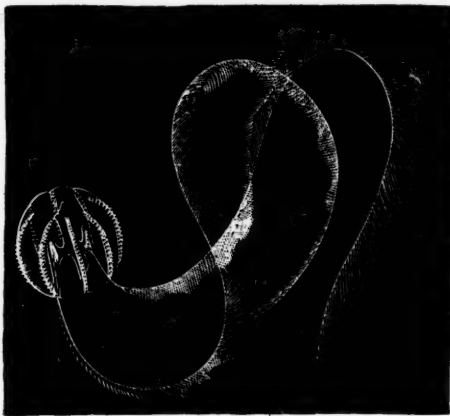


FIG. 3. PLEUROBRACHIA RHODODACTYLA

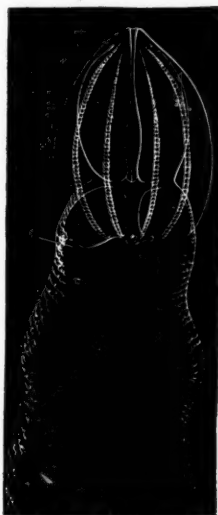


FIG. 2. A CTENOPHORE
End-view of *Leseueria polyptera*.

The medusæ are among the lowliest of living

things, — that is, they have an extremely simple organization, being closely allied to the coral-polyps and sea-anemones on the one hand, and to the trepangs and star-fishes on the other. They consist of hardly more than films and threads of a gelatinous substance, almost unorganized and more or less transparent, which is permeated by cavities and canals through which the sea-water circulates, while their surfaces continu-

ously extract microscopic nutriment from it. Some kinds, however, require a stronger diet and are carnivorous, seizing and drawing into their interiors various small animals whose juices are absorbed and hard parts rejected. A curious example of this is found in the case of the species outlined in figure 8, and common

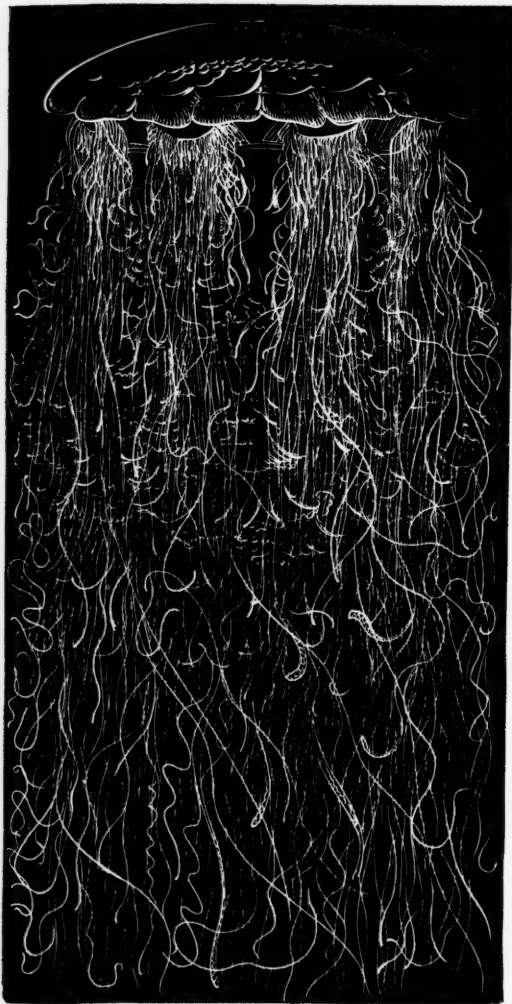


FIG. 4. *CYANEA ARCTICA*

on our North Atlantic coast, as are all those here illustrated. This medusæ is always accompanied by a small shad-like fish which enwraps itself in the pendant fringes, sometimes twenty or more clinging together to this shelter. These fringes, seen also in figures 1, 4 and 11, depend from the mouth of the stomach, and are in reality prolongations of it, since their inner surfaces assimilate the food held in their muscular grasp; and the jellyfish, accepting the goods the gods place in its very mouth, swallows a fish every few hours,—a fact which does not seem to alarm its fellows in the least. Meanwhile, until their turn comes, the minnows are protected from other enemies, and themselves find food among the folds of the fringes, or even eat these wrinkled membranes themselves.

These lambent gems of the sea, softly radiant with the shifting play of their own phosphorescent light—mantling their cold crystalline bells and lace-like appendages with blushes of submarine lightning—swarm in incredible numbers and diversity under every latitude, but especially within the tropics; and it is to them that the marvelous sea-fires noted by voyagers are principally due.

Some are oceanic, and known only where they burst into tiny rockets of blue flame under the prows of far-sailing ships; but the main body of the medusa tribe frequent the coast, thronging especially in protected lagoons, seeking water that is still and warm. A familiar one among the Florida reefs is the "thimble-fish" of the spongers; of which long bending lines may be seen drifting with the tide, like

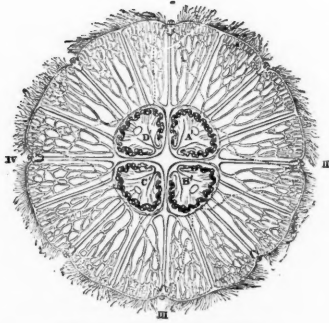


FIG. 5. *AURELIA FLAVIDULA*
View from above, showing the radial structure, the ovaries (A, B, C, D) and the ambulacral zones, I, II, III, IV, each with its system of circulatory canals.

chains of iridescent bubbles--necklaces of pearls on ocean's breast.

In more northern and colder waters they are somewhat less common, and many are altogether nocturnal in their habits. On the other hand, the sunshine attracts several of the larger kinds to the surface by day, where they lie, sometimes in vast shoals, basking in the warm light and rising and falling with the quiet billows, but sinking to imperturbable depths upon the approach

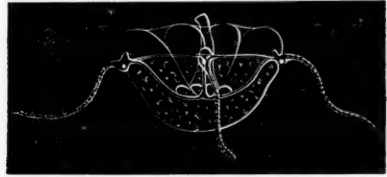


FIG. 6. *CAMPANELLA FACYTHERMA*

of a storm, for their delicate structure is unable to endure rough tossing by the waves.

Two conspicuous species, which sailors call "sunfish," on account of this basking habit, are numerous in the Atlantic, and reach a large size. One is the yellowish *Aurelia* (fig. 5), which has only short tentacles around its margin, and often strews the northern beaches after a gale. It averages the size of a dinner-plate, but is far outranked in size by the equally common and far more splendid reddish-brown *Cyanea arctica* (fig. 4), which sometimes measures seven and a half feet across the disk, and has tentacles 120 feet in length.

These huge jellyfishes go in great schools, and are preyed upon by several of the larger denizens of the ocean, as the great squids, whales, turtles and some big fishes; but they are well able to seize and devour certain small soft-bodied animals, and to defend themselves against many others.

Their vivid phosphorescence is no doubt a means of defence, warning away many creatures that accidentally or designedly might do them an injury; but their active



FIG. 7. *HALICLYSTUS AURICULA*:
NATURAL SIZE

weapons, for both offence and defence, are found in the curious organs to which they owe another name,—"sea-nettles." Thickly scattered over

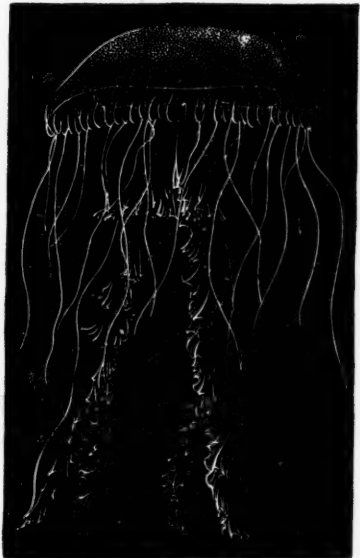


FIG. 8. *DACTYLOMETRA QUINQUECIRRA*



FIG. 9. TRACHYNEMA DIGITALE

the surface of every tentacle are pits or pockets of microscopic minuteness closed by a filmy pellicle, within each of which there is coiled, like a spiral spring, a thread terminating in a barbed needle, which is further armed with an acrid fluid. The instant the tentacle, floating about,

touches any living object, the delicate covers of hundreds of these thread-cells are ruptured, the springs are released, and the poisoned barbs dart out and penetrate whatever is soft enough to permit it. Lay a living tentacle

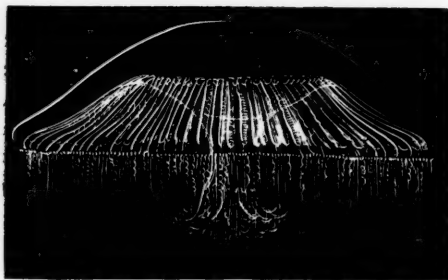


FIG. 11. ZYGODACTYLA GRÆNLANDICA

of one of the larger jellyfishes across the back of your hand and it will leave a fiery red line. Should a naked bather become entangled in the thousand filmy lassos of a great *Cyanea*, he might be rendered so powerless by the impeding, pain, and numbing effect of the poisonous injection (sufficient to paralyze small prey), as to drown before he could get free. Not all jellyfishes are umbrella-shaped or thimble-shaped. Some are globular or ovoid, as the exquisite ctenophores, or comb-bearing medusæ (figs. 2 and 3) — transparent orbs, scarcely visible in the water. I remember one summer evening leaning over the side of a boat in Peconic bay, when the water was full of these impalpable globules, and delightedly watching their motions while the men hauled through their ranks the glistening meshes of a purse-net full of menhaden. How the captives

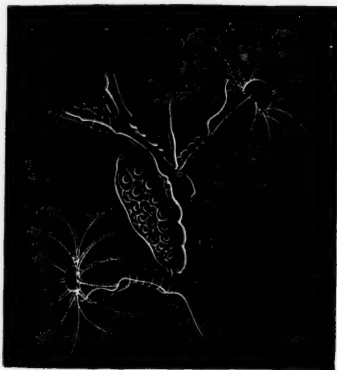


FIG. 10. EUCOPE POLYGENA

of one of the larger jellyfishes across the back of your hand and it will leave a fiery red line. Should a naked bather become entangled in the thousand filmy lassos of a great *Cyanea*, he might be rendered so powerless by the impeding, pain, and numbing effect of the poisonous injection (sufficient to paralyze small prey), as to drown before he could get free.

Not all jellyfishes are umbrella-shaped or thimble-shaped. Some are

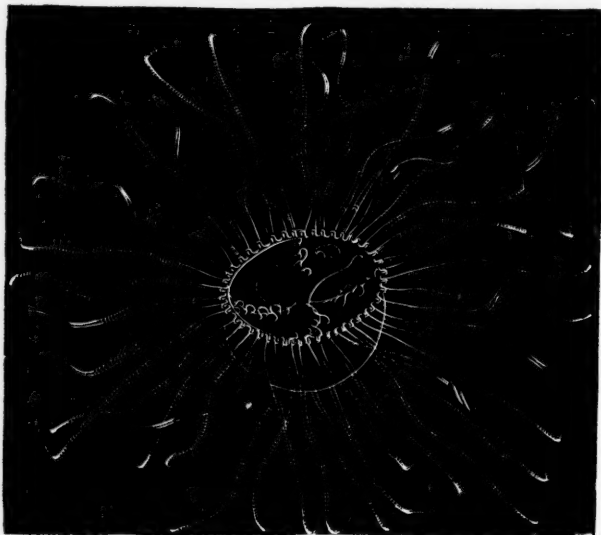


FIG. 12. GONIONEMUS VERTENS



FIG. 13. A "GOSSAMER FRAME"

gleamed! Their iridescent scales seemed illuminated from within, so brilliantly was the sunshine reflected from them as they struggled together under the clear green water. Shifting waves of color flashed and paled—gray as the fishes turned their backs, sweeping brightly back as they exposed their nacreous sides, soft, undefined, mutable; while, to show their tints the better, myriads of minute medusæ carried hither and thither little phosphorescent lanterns in gossamer frames and transparent globes, shining brightly even in the daylight. These were ctenophores,—egg-shaped, transparent little creatures,



FIG. 14. OCEANIA LANGUIDA

This shows the great power of contraction possessed by some species.



FIG. 15. A COMPOUND HYDROID

with eight lines of tiny paddles running up their sides; and it was along these lines that the mysterious light flickered so exquisitely. In the larger, umbrella-shaped jellyfishes, it seems to be the rim of the umbrella, or else the radial canals, that bear the light-giving organs; and it is beautiful to watch them pulsing through the water, the disk paling and glowing with each contraction and expansion of the pearly creatures, and the tentacles waving like a moon-lit plume. While some jellyfishes trail radiantly behind them a cloud of tentacles and sweep through the dark water at night like submarine comets, others have no tentacles, or only very few; or in place of them flexible feathery cirri of filmy beauty. Such are the plumularians, one of which is depicted in figure 3. Then, again, others are fixed, rooted upon kelp or some other support, and growing like flowers,—a whole colony on a single stalk, (figs. 7, 10, 15). Others seem never to move about. Such is a species, abundant on the coral-reefs of Florida, which

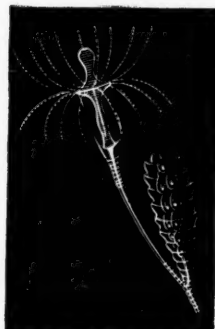


FIG. 16. CLYTIA BICOPHORA



FIG. 17. HYDROIDS

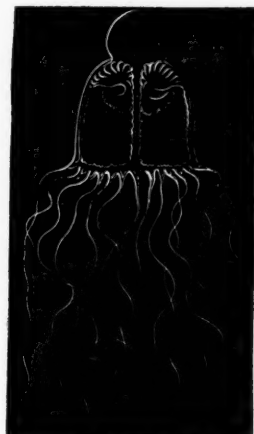


FIG. 18. TURRIS VESICARIA

lies quiet on the living coral day and night. Another is the curious one depicted in figure 12, which is commonly found clinging to the weeds in the kelp-beds along our northern shores. Some jelly-fishes, as those shown in figures 19 and 21, are really a colony of animals, each group of parts having its own organs and separate existence, although the circulatory system of the group is general, so that the nourishing liquids are carried im-



FIG. 19. NANOMIA CARA: A PHYSOPHORE.

partially to all members of the colony. Each part, however, has its own function, one set of members buoying up and moving about its fellows, while a part of them catch and digest the food for the whole, and another part is entirely reproductive in its office, and so on. This is an ideal socialism; but it is successful because no part can secede and there is no reward for any member who feels disposed to out-do his fellows.

The movements of the medusæ express the perfection of beauty in motion. Nothing in nature exceeds the elegance and sinuous grace of their swimming. Unsubstantial shapes, of, rather than in, the water, palely drawn against the darkness in ghostly outlines of their own phosphorescence, their tentacles mere ripples of light, they swell elegantly onward without any visible effort by the alternate contraction and dilation of their wavering disks, reflecting here a prismatic sunbeam, there altogether lost in a shadow, to appear again in a moment and so throb softly, silently, tracklessly through the liquid,—mere passing thoughts in the brain of the Great Deep.



FIG. 20. A TENTACLE OF A MEDUSA (SYNDICTYON). ENLARGED

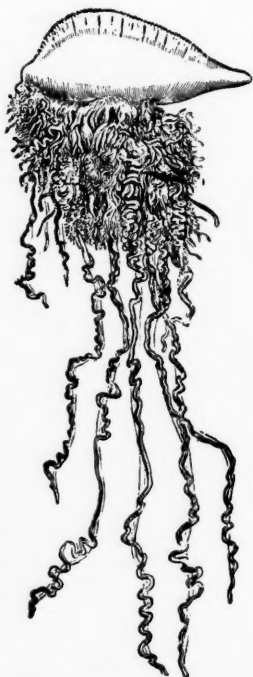
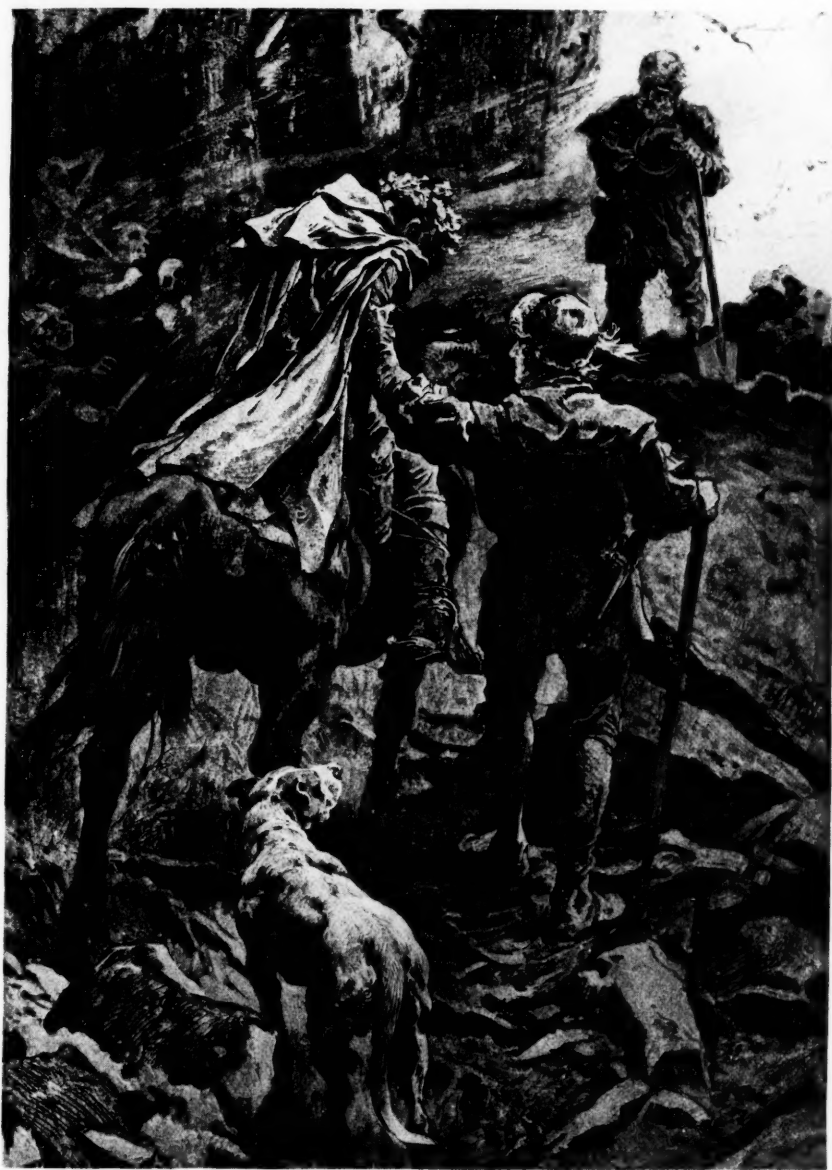


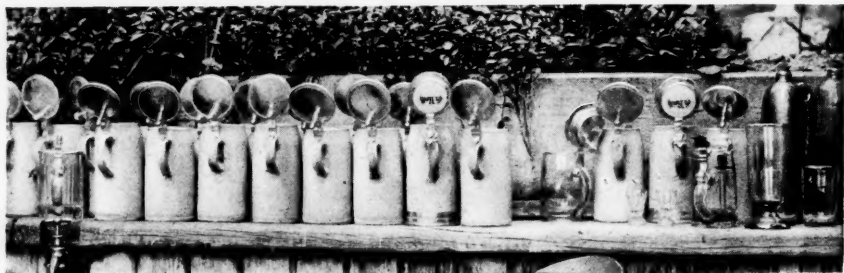
FIG. 21. THE PORTUGUESE MAN-O'-WAR



Drawn by Woldemar Friedrich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. X.—BURIAL OF COUNT HACKELBEREND

According to his wishes, Gerhard and Bruno take the dead Count at night to his forest-grave, riding on his favorite charger. Ghosts appear and taunt the dead noble, because he preferred a hunting-ground to heaven after death.



BEER-MUGS OUT FOR AN AIRING AT A TAVERN ON THE BANK OF THE ISAR

IN THE SUBURBS OF MUNICH

By HUGH H. LUSK

Illustrated from original photographs by Allen B. Doggett.

STATELY Germany,—the Germany which is no longer medieval like Nuremburg, nor yet modern like Berlin, but which represents the fusion of that which was with that which is,—may probably be seen at its best in Munich. There is a dignity about its spacious streets and noble buildings that brings even to its most modern aspects much of that stateliness which, more than perhaps any other characteristic, distinguished the medieval from the modern world of Europe.

Whatever may be said of the city of Munich itself, however, its suburbs must



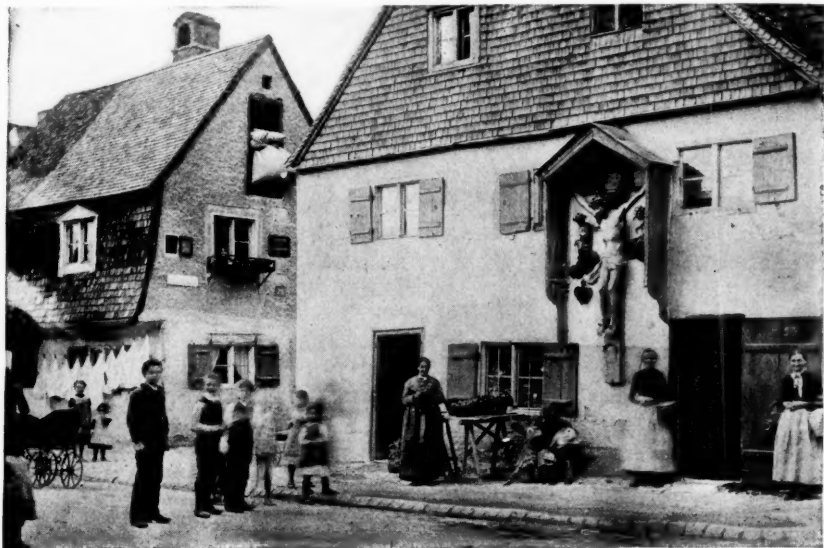
LOMBARDY POPLARS SHADING A SUBURBAN ROAD

be admitted to have a very distinct character of their own. There the stranger can, with hardly an effort, dream himself back into a simpler past, without much danger of sudden disillusionment from an all too bustling present. There, as he wanders leisurely under the shadows of the tall trees that fringe the roads and lend a rustic grace to the quaint, high-gabled cottages, he may fancy himself surrounded by a medieval world into which the stir of Reformation-times had not introduced the restless temper of modern Europe.

Here you may pause opposite the village house of entertainment to admire the long array of mugs and glasses exposed on the bench to the morning sun and air, silent witnesses of last night's simple revel, at which the village wisdom was moistened by the beverage dear to so many generations of the fathers of the hamlet. You may stop to look at the simple hay-wagon standing by its open shed, undisturbed by the regulations of any too officious street-commissioner. You will probably come to an interested halt before the wayside crucifix, —the more or less artistic center of the village piety and rural admiration.



AN OLD GERMAN WAGON

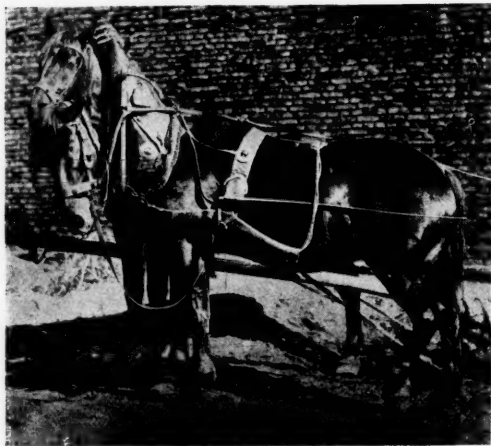


DAMN ST.: A PART OF OLD MUNICH

The sights on every side are indeed essentially everyday sights, mainly rendered artistic and poetical by the touch of time's decaying fingers on roof or wall. Sometimes, it is true, a sharp contrast will present itself even here, and some obtrusively modern building, with its end-of-the-century windows and conveniences, throws into sharper relief the relics that speak falteringly of its earlier and ruder decades.



A KITCHEN DOOR



A WORK-TEAM

manity and its productions. The quaint old houses, stairways, and roads of these suburban villages have but little meaning, and at best a faded sort of interest, apart from the groups of wondering blue-eyed children,—the sturdy boys, the blooming and at times startlingly pretty maidens, with large mild eyes and golden locks,—that lend just that touch of life and reality to the

The modern, nevertheless, is always an interloper in the suburbs of Munich; and the eye rests with a sense of fitness and relief on some fair Bavarian maiden, flaxen-haired and bare-footed, set in a framework of half-ruined steps and wildly growing creepers, or on some shy yet delighted family group, the members of which, perhaps, fondly imagine themselves rather than their quaint surroundings to be the objects of the traveler's attention. After all, they are not perhaps so very far wrong. There is always a closely connecting link between hu-



CUTTING AND CARRYING IN THE HOUSEHOLD FUEL



SOME FAIR BAVARIAN MAIDEN

picture which is needed to give it human interest.

The suburbs of Munich should be seen in spring, however, amidst the wealth of early leaf and flower, as few places lose more by the change to the bleakness of winter. A Bavarian winter-scene is somehow more than ordinarily melancholy. Its long stretches of flat land seem to be pressed upon by the iron hand of winter; its bare and leafless trees look peculiarly gaunt and cheerless as they stand, lone sentinels of its level roads; its very skies, gray, leaden, and hopeless, give an impression of desolation not easily exceeded. It is then, indeed, that the want of the active street-cleaning commissioner makes itself felt in the suburbs of this old city of Munich.

It is then that the other and the much less romantic side of medievalism, with its dangerous, unhealthy ruins, and its overgrown, miasmatic paths, comes into prominence, and forcibly suggests



A SUBURBAN TENEMENT-HOUSE

an argument in favor of our modern methods more easily appreciated than answered.

For the really common side of life you must seek the markets, and there you will find it in the suburbs of Munich, as in



MIDWINTER

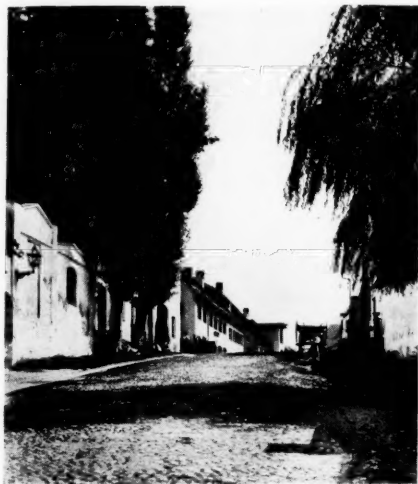


DACHAU WOMEN AT PRAYERS

other suburbs, interesting indeed, and characteristic enough, as most common things and common people are, but assuredly not romantic, at least in their outward seeming, and not lending themselves very readily to the requirements of art, except in response to the magi-



CHILDREN BY THE ROADSIDE



THE MAIN STREET IN DACHAU

acteristic one, the frequent groups of worshipers gathered around some wayside-cross, softly sheltered by the leafage of the spring, and he will observe that it is invariably an assemblage of women—as a rule, too, of women no longer very young.

The circumstance that the men are invariably absent, may be owing to the demands of labor; but so also are the younger women and the girls; as for the children, both the young ones and those of a larger growth, they may meanwhile

ical, all-glorifying touch of genius.

Why is it, the traveler is apt to ask himself, as he wanders with observant eyes through these quiet streets and roads, that here in Bavaria, as indeed in many less distant places, the overt acts of religious worship fall so exclusively to the share of the women? He cannot but notice, for the scene is a char-



A DOORWAY IN THE SUBURBS



ON THE ROAD TO DACHAU

be seen in scattered groups, absolved for the moment from maternal supervision and left to the less responsible guardianship of their seniors. Ah, well, there is time enough for anxious thoughts and puzzling questions in their case! The pressure of time's hand has not yet fallen heavily on these flaxen heads; not yet have the disappointments and heart-sicknesses of to-day



THE VILLAGE-MARKET

driven them to anticipations of a brighter, although an always distant, to-morrow.

After all, the principal charm of these suburbs, from a purely artistic point of view, is to be found in their trees, — some stately, some graceful, all full of that charm which nature throws around these most perfect of all her artistic creations.



A PICTURESQUE STREET-CORNER



Copyright, 1895, by Harry C. Jones

TYPES FROM THE STAGE. V.—PAULINE WILLARD IN "CAPTAIN PAUL"



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TYPES FROM THE STAGE. VI.—ROSE OSBORNE AS DELILAH



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TYPES FROM THE STAGE. VII.—FRANKIE C. GALE



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TYPES FROM THE STAGE. VIII.—ANNA BOYD



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TYPES FROM THE STAGE. IX.—MARIE MILLARD IN THE "SPHINX"

THE MORTGAGE OF FIRST IMPRESSIONS

BY MARGUERITE TRACY

With original illustrations by Eugene Meeks.

THE ways of interpreting a place are as many as there are temperaments through which to see it, and as different as the impressions conveyed.

Artists, so sensitive themselves, are sometimes almost jealous of the influence of first impressions, and I remember a brilliant actor who was perfectly delighted when I confessed to having grown up so far from the world that I had not seen a single "really and truly" play. He declared that he must play to me, that it would make his part fresh to him, and that I must not even know what part he took nor see a program. I am quite sure that the evening when I went with my father to see him play was the most important of my life. A great actor was playing straight to me, and I—the stars pity me—recognized him at once, and was then, as ever since, more interested in the actor than the acting. Knowing nothing of dramatic laws I wondered once why he did not glance toward us. He had nothing else to do. He was standing quite away from the quarrelsome group of minor characters who had the stage, with his hands in his pockets, but with a look of such intense absorbed interest in that quarrelsome group that he led my attention away from him to them in spite of myself. He had not stirred a muscle to do this, he simply

stood there motionless, and riveted the attention of the whole audience on a group of indifferent players. I heard it pronounced the strongest piece of by-play ever done, and I—*Philistine malgré moi*—had been wondering why he did not look our way, being disengaged!

The impression which Mr. Meeks's Venice will convey to an unmortgaged temperament will be of the richest color. The canopies of his gondolas are something more than picturesque accessories, they are prime necessities.

His work, however, shows the influence of the Dutch school which was his first impression, and which neither long studies and sojourns in Paris and Rome, nor his subsequent professorship at the Royal Academy of Florence, have been able to efface.



"SHOCKING"



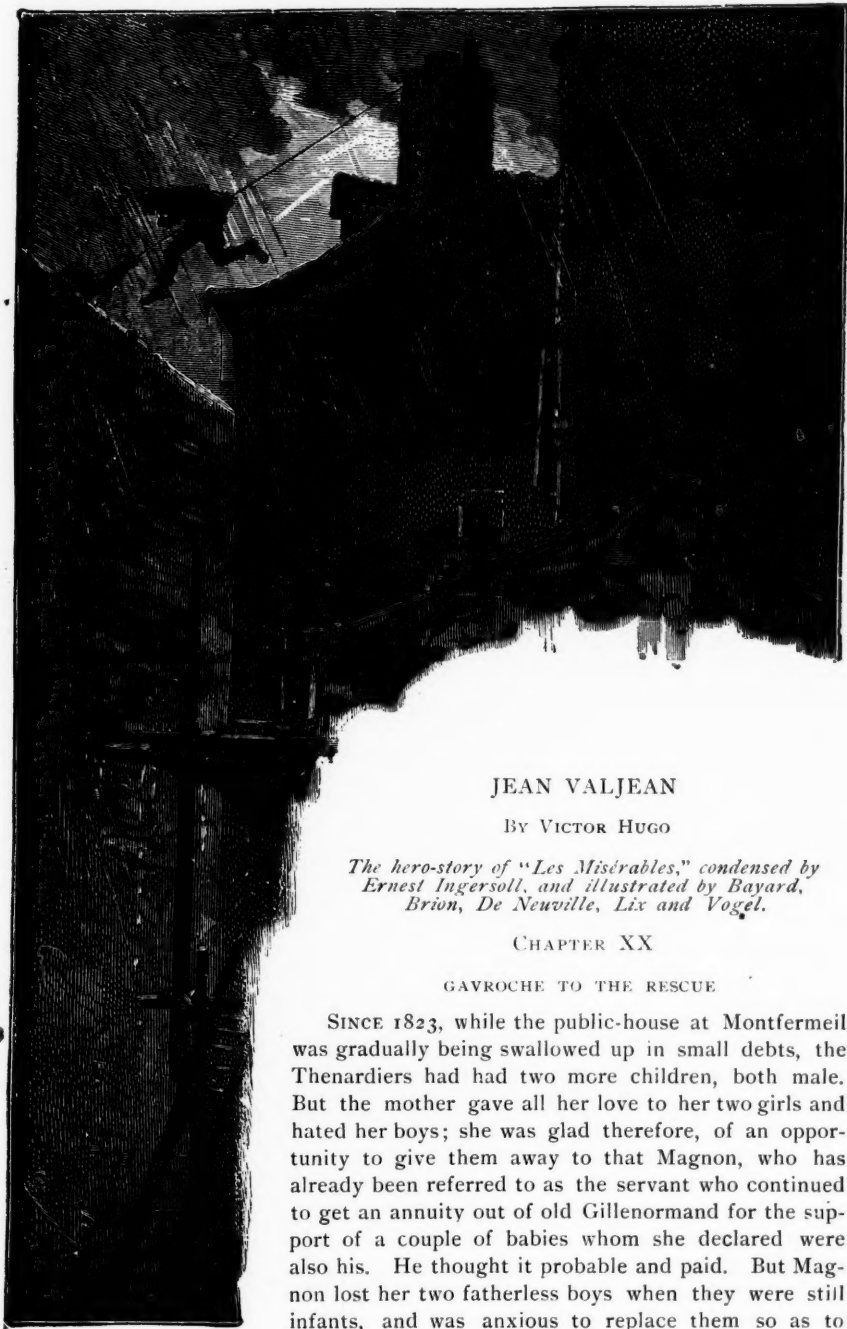
A VENETIAN ROMANCE



Drawn by Woldemar Friederich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. XI.—STORMING CASTLE TRESEBURG

Volrat, who has escaped death and returned from his terrible ride on the wild deer, has stirred up the peasants to revenge their wrongs and leads them in an attack upon Count Hackelberend's castle, which they burn and destroy.



JEAN VALJEAN

By VICTOR HUGO

*The hero-story of "Les Misérables," condensed by
Ernest Ingersoll, and illustrated by Bayard,
Brion, De Neuville, Lix and Vogel.*

CHAPTER XX

GAVROCHE TO THE RESCUE

SINCE 1823, while the public-house at Montfermeil was gradually being swallowed up in small debts, the Thenardiers had had two more children, both male. But the mother gave all her love to her two girls and hated her boys; she was glad therefore, of an opportunity to give them away to that Magnon, who has already been referred to as the servant who continued to get an annuity out of old Gillenormand for the support of a couple of babies whom she declared were also his. He thought it probable and paid. But Magnon lost her two fatherless boys when they were still infants, and was anxious to replace them so as to



MAGNON'S WARDS

which their "mother" had left for them, and sent them off. The boys started hand in hand; but before long the wind tore the paper out of their cold fingers, and then they wandered on aimlessly.

On that same cold evening in the spring of 1832, little Gavroche was idly gazing into the windows of a shop, when these two little boys passed him crying. Gavroche ran up and accosted them:

"What's the matter with you, babes?"

"We don't know where to sleep," the elder replied.

"Is that all?" said Gavroche. And assuming an accent of tender affection and gentle protection, he said—

"Come with me, brats."

keep the annuity going, for Gillenormand would know no difference.

Thus the little Thenardiers became the little Magnons, and Mlle Magnon went to live in the Rue Cloche-Percée with an English woman always called *Mamselle Miss*. The children were well treated, and lived there happily enough for several years, when all at once, immediately following the affair in the Jondrette garret, their protectors were arrested. The children were playing in the back yard, and knew nothing of the raid; but presently a cobbler, opposite the house, called to them, gave them a paper with an agent's address,



GAVROCHE AS A PROTECTOR

"Yes, sir," said the elder boy; and the two children followed him and left off crying.

"Then you haven't either father or mother?" Gavroche continued magisterially.

"I beg your pardon, sir; we have a papa and a mama, but we don't know where they are."

"Sometimes that is better than knowing," said Gavroche, who was a philosopher in his small way.

Finding a sou in some recess of his clothes, he bought for each of them a lump of bread, and they walked on eating it and telling their simple story.

Twenty years back there might have been seen in the southeastern corner of the square of the Bastille, near the canal-dock, dug in the old moat of the citadel-prison, a quaint monument. It was an elephant, forty feet high, constructed of carpentry and masonry, bearing on its back a castle which resembled a house. It was falling into ruins. On coming near this colossus Gavroche went through a hole in the fence around the square, and the children, a little frightened, followed without a word. A workman's ladder was lying along the palings, and Gavroche dragged it underneath the elephant, set it upright against a foreleg, and running up disappeared into a black hole in the belly of the mammoth.



GAMINS

A moment afterwards the boys saw his head and heard his voice. The elder climbed the rungs slowly and was hauled into this singular retreat. Then Gavroche went down and helped the smaller brother, and soon all three were together at the top, whereupon Gavroche kicked over the ladder and then covered the hole with a board. This done Gavroche again plunged into the darkness, and the children heard the fizzing of a match dipped into a bottle of phosphorus, as was the old method before lucifer matches were invented.

Gavroche had lighted a rope's-end dipped in pitch, and this torch, rendered the inside of the elephant indistinctly visible. Gavroche's two guests looked around them, and had



THE WAIFS IN THE BREAD-SHOP

such a feeling as Jonah must have experienced in the interior of the biblical whale. An entire gigantic skeleton was visible to them; above their heads a long brown beam, from which sprung at regular distances massive cross-bars, represented the spine with the ribs, stalactites of plaster hung down like viscera, and vast spider-webs formed from one side to the other dusty diaphragms. The two lads began looking round the apartment with terror, but Gavroche did not allow them any leisure to learn new causes for alarm.

"Quick," he said.

And he thrust them toward what we are very happy to call the end of the room, where his bed was, surrounded by a sort of tent of wire-netting to keep the rats away from him when he slept. Gavroche's bed was perfect; that is to say, there was a mattress, and a wide coverlet of coarse gray wool, enough to wrap all three in, when they lay down.

"Listen to me," Gavroche lectured them, when they had begun to get warm, and somewhat over the terror which this gruesome cavern and the sight of the

spiders and sound of the scrambling of the rats had upon their infant minds.

"You must never blubber for anything. I'll take care of you, and you'll see what fun we shall have. In summer we'll go to the Glacière with Navet, a pal of mine; we'll bathe in the dock, and run about naked on the timber-floats in front of the bridge, for that makes the washer-women ferocious. We'll go and see the skeleton-man, at the Champs Elysées, and then I will take you to the play; I get tickets, for I know some actors, and even performed myself once in a piece; we were a lot of boys who ran about under a canvas, and that made the sea. We will go and see the savages, but they ain't real savages, and



THE ELEPHANT OF THE BASTILLE

then, we will see a man guillotined, and I'll point out the executioner to you."

The night hours passed away; a winter wind, mingled with the rain, blew in gusts; the patrols examined doors, inclosures, and dark corners, and, while searching for nocturnal vagabonds, passed silently before this elephant which sheltered from the sky and rain three poor sleeping children.

Toward the end of the hour which immediately precedes day-break, a man



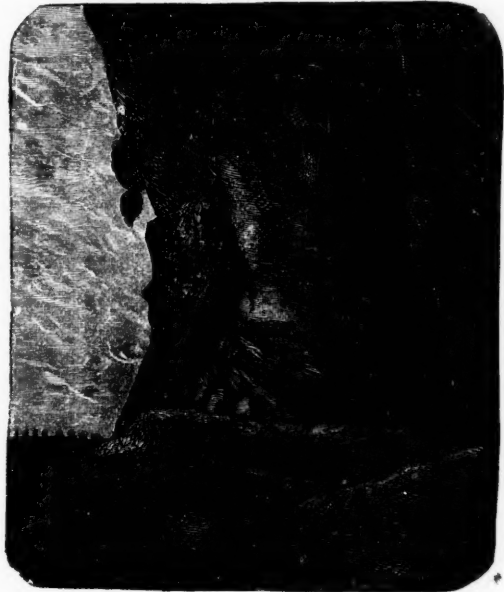
GAVROCHE'S WIRE BED-ROOM

slipped through the palings and on getting under the elephant uttered a peculiar cry. At the second cry a clear young voice answered, "Yes!" Almost immediately a lad slid down the elephant's leg and fell at the man's feet. It was Gavroche, and the man was Montparnasse, who confined himself to saying: "We want you; come and give us a lift." The gamin asked for no other explanation. "Here I am," he said, and the pair proceeded toward the Rue St. Antoine, where Babet, who had escaped from La Force that morning, was waiting for them, and where they were presently joined by Brujon and Guelemer, who had got out of the decrepit old prison that same night by means of a perilous journey over the roofs, by jumping from one to another and sliding down a rope which the scoundrels had managed to make, bit by bit.

Thenardier also, having had, like

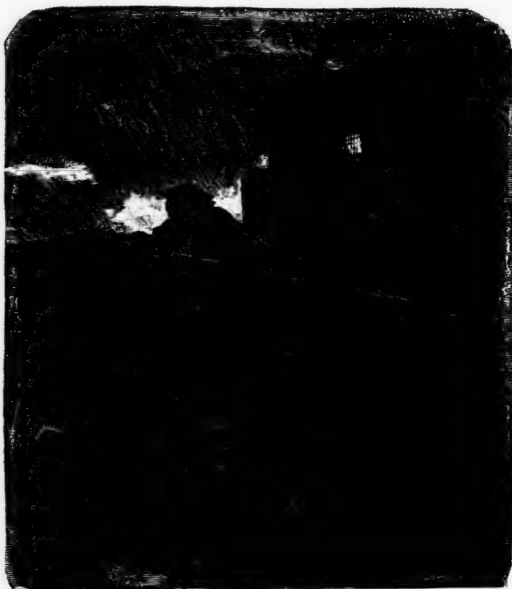
the others, help from without, had managed to escape from his separate prison, but failing to get down from the roof, to which he had made his way, by the means he had expected, he had crawled out upon a great ruined wall that extended from the prison—no one knows just how or with what hope. It was now three in the morning, and Thenardier, wet through with rain, his clothes in rags, his hands, elbows and knees bleeding, was lying at full length on the top of the wall, where his strength had failed him. He was suffering from the dizziness of a probable fall and the horror of a certain arrest; and his mind, like the clapper of a bell, went from one of these ideas to the other: "Dead if I fall, caught if I remain."

In this state of agony he suddenly saw in the dark street



THE SUMMONS AT MIDNIGHT

a man, who glided along the walls and came from the Rue Pavée, stop in the gap over which Thenardier was, as it were, suspended. This man was joined by a second, then by a third, and then by a fourth. When these men were together, all four entered the enclosure, and stood exactly under Thenardier who, unable to distinguish their faces, listened to their remarks with the desperate attention of a wretch who thinks himself lost. He felt something like hope when he recognized the voices of Brujon and Babet. In a moment they would be gone. Thenardier gasped. He did not dare call to them, but he took from his pocket the end of a rope which he had found tied to, and had detached from the chimney of the new building, where his pals had left



THENARDIER ON THE WALL

it, and threw it at their feet.

"My cord!" said Brujon, who had left it there when he got down.

"The landlord is there," exclaimed Montparnasse. They raised their eyes and Thenardier thrust out his head.

"Quiet," Montparnasse called; "have you the other end of the rope, Brujon?"

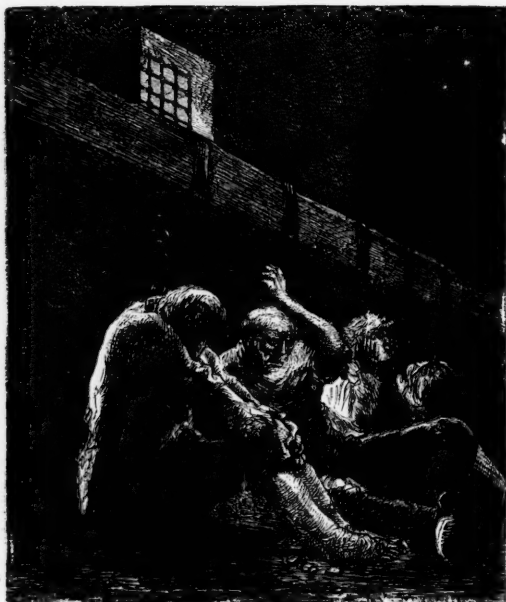
"Yes."

"Fasten the ends together, we will throw the rope to him, he will attach it to the wall, and it will be long enough for him to come down."

Thenardier ventured to lift his voice. "I cannot stir," he explained to them.

"You will slip down, and we will catch you. Only just fasten the rope to the wall."

"I can't."



CONDEMNED PRISONERS IN THE OLD CHATELET OF PARIS, AWAITING TRANSPORTATION TO THE GALLEYS

"One of us must go up," said Montparnasse, after a long study of the situation.

An old plaster pipe, which had served as a chimney for a stove formerly lit in the hut, ran along the wall almost to the spot where Thenardier was lying.

"By that pipe?" Babet exclaimed; "a man? oh, no, a boy is required."

"Yes, a boy," Brujon said in a strongly affirmative tone.

"Wait a minute," Montparnasse said, "I have it."

He gently opened the hoarding door, went out, and ran off in the direction of the Bastille. Seven or eight minutes elapsed,—eight thousand centuries for Thenardier; the door opened again, and Montparnasse came in, panting and leading

Gavroche. The rain was

dripping from his hair and Guelemer growled at him:

"Brat, are you a man?"

Gavroche shrugged his shoulders and replied,—

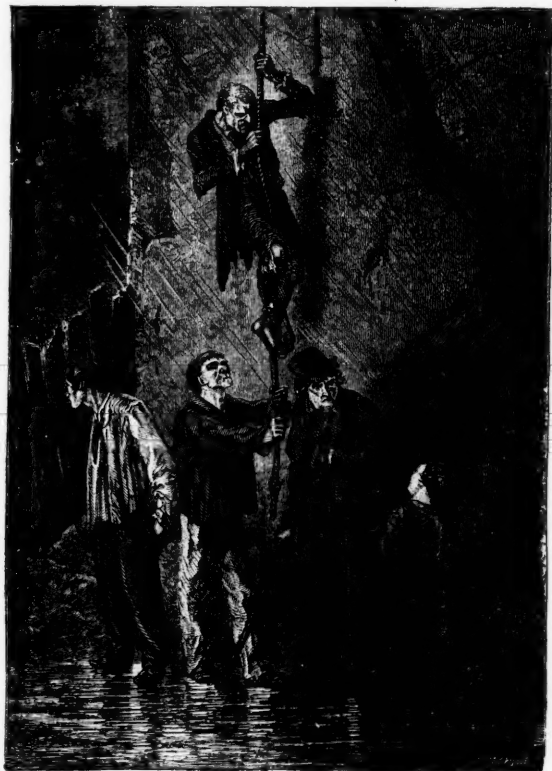
"What do you want of me?"

"Climb up that pipe with this rope and fasten it to the crossbar of the window at the top of the wall."

The gamin examined the rope, the chimney, the wall, and the window, gave that indescribable and disdainful smack of the lips which signifies, "Probably you think I can't do it—but you'll find yourself mistaken!" and took off his shoes.

"There is a man up there whom we will save," Montparnasse continued.

Guelemer seized Gavroche by one arm, placed him on the roof of the pent-house, and handed him the rope. The gamin turned to the chimney,



THE RESCUE OF THENARDIER

which it was an easy task to enter by a large crevice close to the roof. At the moment when he was going to ascend, Thenardier leaned over the edge of the wall; the first gleam of day whitened his dark forehead, his livid cheek-bones, his sharp savage nose, and his bristling gray beard, and Gavroche recognized him.

"Hilloh!" he said, "it's my father; well, that won't stop me;" and taking the rope between his teeth he resolutely commenced his ascent.

He reached the top of the wall, straddled across it, and securely fastened the rope to the topmost cross-bar of the window. A moment after, Thenardier was

in the street; so soon as he touched the pavement, so soon as he felt himself out of danger, he was no longer wearied, chilled, or trembling; the terrible things he had passed through were dissipated like smoke, and all his strange and ferocious intellect was re-aroused and found itself erect and free, ready to march onward. He said not a word nor gave a glance at the boy, who stole away.

CHAPTER XXI

ENCHANTMENT AND DESOLATION

The reader has, of course, understood that Eponine, on recognizing through the railings the inhabitant of the house in the Rue Plumet, to which Magnon sent her after getting the message from the prisoners, began by keeping the bandits aloof from the house, then led Marius to it; and discovered that, after several days of ecstacy before the railings, Marius had eventually entered Cosette's garden, as Romeo did Juliet's.



ESCORTING THE TREASURES OF FRANCE

"By whom were the carriages, containing the wealth of the Tuileries, escorted in 1838. By the rag-pickers of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Tatters mounted guard over the treasure, and virtue rendered these ragamuffins splendid. In these carts, in barely closed chests—some, indeed, still opened—there was, amid a hundred dazzling cases, that old crown of France, all made of diamonds, surmounted by the royal carbuncle and the Regent, diamonds worth 30,000,000 francs. Barefooted, they guarded this crown."

From that blessed hour Marius went to the garden every night. If, at this moment, Cosette had fallen in love with an unscrupulous libertine she would have been lost, but she did not. Cosette was happy and Marius satisfied. They lived in that ravishing state which might be called the bedazzlement of a soul by a soul.

What passed between these two lovers? Nothing, they adored each other. At night, when they were there, this garden seemed a living and sacred spot. All the flowers opened around them and sent them their incense; and they opened their souls and spread them over the flowers. It was quite simple that Marius, as he adored, should admire. Woman feels and speaks with the infallibility which is the tender instinct of the heart. No one knows like a woman

how to say things which are at once gentle and deep. The most sovereign symptom of love is a tenderness which becomes at times almost insupportable. And by the side of all this—for contradictions are the lightning sport of love—they were fond of laughing with a ravishing liberty, and so familiarly that, at times, they almost seemed like two lads. Still, even without these two hearts intoxicated with chastity being conscious of it, unforgettable nature is ever there, ever there with its brutal and sublime object, and whatever the innocence of souls may be, they feel in the

most chaste *tête-à-tête* the mysterious and adorable distinction which separates a couple of lovers from a couple of friends.

Cosette and Marius lived vaguely in the intoxication of their madness, and they did not notice the cholera which was decimating Paris in that very month. They had made as many confessions to each other as they could, but they had not extended very far beyond their names. Marius had told Cosette that he was an orphan, Pontmercy by name, a barrister, but gained a livelihood by writing things for publishers; that his father had been a colonel,—a hero—and all the rest of his story. He even remarked incidentally that he was a baron, but this produced little effect upon the girl. On her part she told him all of the facts of her life that she knew. Jean Valjean suspected nothing, for Cosette was gay, and that



ENCHANTMENT AND DESOLATION

sufficed to render the old man happy. Cosette's thoughts, her tender preoccupations, and the image of Marius filled her soul. She was at the age when the virgin wears her love as the angel wears its lily. Jean Valjean was, therefore, happy; and, besides, when two lovers understand each other, things always go well, and any third party who might trouble their love is kept in a perfect state of blindness by a number of precautions, which are always the same with all lovers. Jean Valjean did not even remember that young man of the Luxembourg existed.

Marius never set foot in the house when he was with Cosette; they concealed themselves in a niche near the steps, so as not to be seen or heard from the street, and sat there, often contenting themselves with the sole conversation of pressing hands twenty times a minute. At such moments, had a thunderbolt fallen within thirty feet of them, they would not have noticed it. Still various complications were approaching. One evening as Marius was going to the rendezvous, and was turning the corner of the Rue Plumet, he heard some one say, close to him—"Good evening, Monsieur Marius."

He raised his head, and recognized Eponine. This produced a singular effect: he had not once thought of this girl since the day when she led him to the Rue Plumet. He owed her his present happiness, and yet it annoyed him to meet her and be reminded of that unpleasant fact.

"Ah, is it you, Eponine?"

"Why do you treat me so coldly? Have I done you any injury?"

"No," he answered, and did his best to disguise any repugnance he felt.

Certainly he had no fault to find with her; on the contrary. Still he felt that he could not but say "you" to Eponine, now that he said "thou" to Cosette. As he remained silent, she exclaimed—"Tell me"—then she stopped and looked

down on the ground; "Good-night, Monsieur Marius," and was gone.

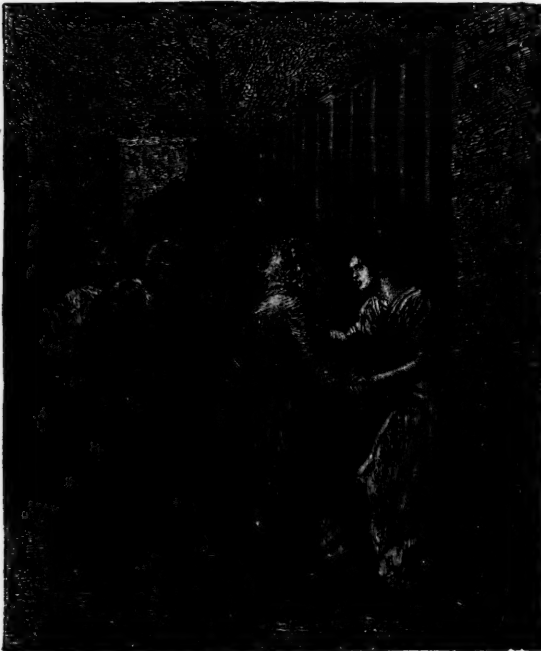
The next night she watched for him, and following saw him enter the garden, whereupon she crept up and sat down on the stonework of the railing in a dark corner. She was listening, and it would have been wonderful to her acquaintances to have seen her face.

Suddenly six men, who were walking separately, stealing along under the shadow of the walls, gathered near her and stopped. She knew them and heard their talk about the house; but when they made a movement to enter the fence, she suddenly confronted them.

For a long time they



MARIUS BY LAY



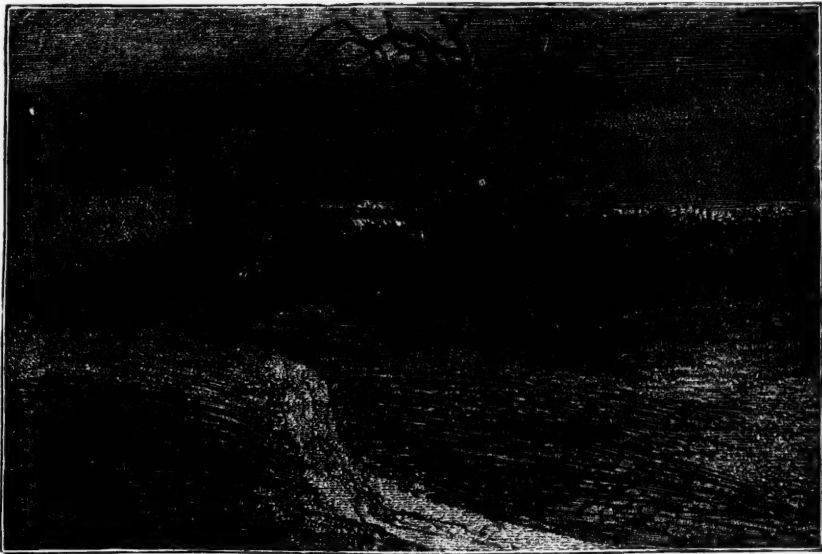
EPONINE DEFILES PATRON MINETTE

cajoled and threatened—these six ruffians of the Patron Minette whom the reader knows so well; but she scorned her life and they knew it, and nothing could persuade or frighten her into permitting them to carry out their plan; and at last they gave it up and disappeared. This was June 3, 1832,—a date to be remembered.

While this sort of human-faced dog was mounting guard against the railing, and six bandits fled before a girl, Marius was by Cosette's side. The sky had never been more star-spangled and more charming, the trees more rustling, or the smell of the grass more penetrating; never had the birds fallen asleep beneath the frondage with a softer noise; never had Marius been more enamored, happier, or in greater ecstasy. But he had found Cosette sad, she had been crying, and her eyes were red. Marius's first remark was—"What is the matter with you?"

Then while he took his seat, all trembling, by her side, she continued—

"My father told me this morning to hold myself in readiness for a journey, for he had business to attend to, and that we were probably going away at once."

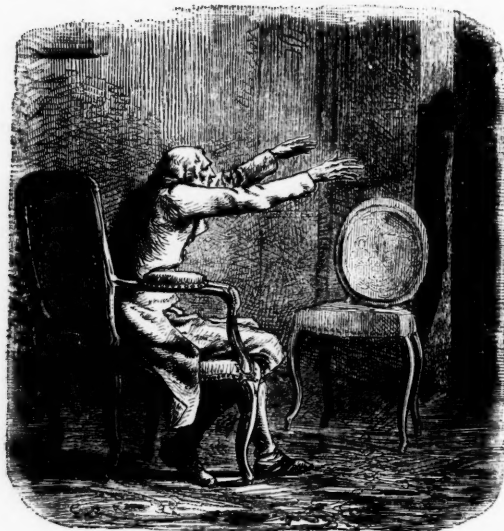


THINGS OF THE NIGHT

Marius shuddered from head to foot. When we reach the end of life, death signifies a departure, but at the beginning, departure means death. For six weeks past Marius had slowly and gradually taken possession of Cosette; it was a perfectly ideal, but profound, possession, and it is certain that, at this moment, in Marius's mind, no abuse of power, no violence, no abomination of the most prodigious tyrants, no deed of Busiris, Tiberius, or Henry VIII, equalled in ferocity this one—M. Fauchelevent taking his daughter away from Paris because he had business to attend to! He asked in a faint voice—

"And when will you start?"

"He did not say when—but I think it will be soon; and we go to England."



MARIUS FAILS TO MOVE HIS GRANDFATHER

stammered — "What do you mean?"

Marius looked at her, then slowly raised his eyes to heaven. When he looked down again he saw Cosette smiling at him.

"How foolish we are! Marius, follow us if we go away! I will tell you whither, and you can join me where I am."

Marius was now a thoroughly wide-awake man, and had fallen back into reality; hence he cried to Cosette—

"Go with you! are you mad? Why, it would require money, and I have none. Go to England! why I already owe more than ten louis to Courfeyrac, one of my friends. Cosette, I am a wretch. You only see me at night and give me your love: were

"And when will you return?"

"He did not tell me."

Then Marius rose and said coldly — "Will you go, Cosette?"

Cosette turned to him, her beautiful eyes full of agony, and answered, with a species of wildness—"What can I do?"

"So you are determined to go?"

Cosette seized Marius's hand, and pressed it as her sole reply.

"Very well," said Marius, "in that case I shall go elsewhere."

Cosette felt the meaning of this remark even more than she comprehended it. She



OLD GILLENORMAND REFLECTS

you to see me by day you would give me a sou, and perhaps a smile, for charity."

He threw himself against a tree, with his arms over his head and his forehead pressed to the bark, and remained for a long time in this state. At length he turned and heard behind him a little stifled, soft and sad sound; it was Cosette, sobbing.

What could happen? He began to talk to her again, and after a time let her know that she need not expect to see him until the second night. Then he scratched his address, 16 Rue de la Verrerie, on the plaster of the house-wall.

Marius in his desperation had formed the idea of appealing to his grandfather, who, now 91 years old, still lived in the same house with Mlle Gillenormand, who had been unable, however, to ingratiate Theodule, the lancer, into her father's good opinion. He still pretended the greatest fury against Marius, but really was longing for his return.

On the next night, June 4, old Gillenormand was sitting in his library, when Marius was announced.

The old man really longed to throw himself into the young man's arms; but to conceal this he became so rough that Marius was utterly crushed, and showed himself in the worst possible light. At last he stammered forth his request—permission to marry. This threw the old gentleman into a real fury, and his violence aroused the house, while his insults sent Marius away in a rage. He had told his grandfather her name, had poured out her praises, had humbled himself, only to be shamefully abused and insulted by a wicked old rōuc. So he felt, as, with the stern "Never!" ringing in his ears, he had rushed from the house.

The instant he was gone old Gillenormand relented. He had not expected such resistance. He roared at the servants who had let Marius go, and shouted out of the window to recall him, but it was too late. Marius, with a heart full of rage and misery, was already out of hearing.

That same afternoon, Jean Valjean was seated in the Champ de Mars, study-



THE MESSAGE FROM OVER THE WALL



A PLIGHTED TROTH

his head; he opened it and read the words,—*Leave your house.*

Jean Valjean rose smartly and perceived a slight person, in boy's clothes, slipping down into the moat. Then he went home very pensive.

Jean Valjean's purse was useless to M. Mabœuf, who, in his venerable childish austerity, had not guessed that what "fell from heaven," as Mother Plutarch had thought, came from Gavroche. Hence he carried the purse to the police commissary of the district, as a lost object. One thing after another failed, book after book was sacrificed, until finally there was nothing left to sell, no decent clothes to wear, nothing to eat.

At dawn of this 5th of June he seated himself on the overturned post in his garden, and he might have been seen the whole morning, motionless with drooping head. In the afternoon extraordinary noises broke out in Paris. Father Mabœuf raised his head, noticed a gardener passing, and said—"What is the matter?"

The gardener replied, with the spade on his back, and with the most peaceful accent—"It's the rebels over by the arsenal."

"Why are they fighting?"

"The Lord alone knows," said the gardener.

Father Mabœuf went into

ing over his situation. Paris was seething with political troubles, and the police were suspicious and extra alert. He had discovered that Thenardier was free and prowling about that quarter—a source of constant danger. He had been alarmed that very morning by finding mysterious words scratched in the plaster of his garden-wall,—"*16 Rue de la Verrerie.*" In the midst of these troubled thoughts a folded paper fell on his knees, as if a hand had thrown it over



THE MYSTERIOUS INSCRIPTION

his house, took his hat, and went out with a wandering look. Before the end of the day he was dead—shot at the barricade.

Marius had left M. Gillenormand's house filled with immense despair. He walked about the streets until two o'clock in the morning and then went to Courfeyrac's lodgings and threw himself on his mattress. When he awoke Courfeyrac said to him—"Are you coming to General Lamarque's funeral?"

It seemed to him as if Courfeyrac were talking Chinese and made no reply, so that his room-mate and other excited members of the Friends of the A B C, who had gathered there, voted him a churlish boor, who was worthy only to be let alone, and then they hurried away together—whither, he did not care to enquire. Marius himself went out shortly after them, and put in his pockets the loaded pistols which Javert had intrusted to him at the affair of February 3 in the Maison Gorbeau.

The whole day he wandered about, hoped for nothing, feared nothing. He awaited the evening with a feverish impatience, for he had but one clear idea left, that at nine o'clock he should see Cosette. This last happiness was now his sole future, after which came shadow. At nine precisely he was at the Rue Plumet, as he promised Cosette. Marius removed the railing and rushed into the garden. Cosette was not at the place where she usually waited for him, and he crossed the garden, and went to the niche near the terrace, where they had so often sat, hand in hand, through golden hours.

"She is waiting for me there," he said to himself.

But, alas! Cosette was not there. He raised his eyes and saw that the shutters of the house were closed; he walked around the garden and the garden was deserted. Mad with love, terrified, exasperated with grief and anxiety, he rapped at the shutters, like a master who returns home at a late hour, risking seeing them suddenly open and Fauchelevent's face appear, frowningly demanding what was wanted there at that unseemly hour, when all honest men were at home.



MARIUS SELLING HIS LAST BOOK

"Cosette!" he cried, "Cosette!" There was no answer and it was all over; there was no one in the garden, no one in the house.

Marius fixed his desperate eyes on this mournful house, which was as black, as silent and more empty than a tomb. He gazed at the stone bench on which he had spent so many adorable hours by Cosette's side; then he sat down on the garden-steps, with his heart full of gentleness and resolution; he blessed his love in his heart, and said to himself that all left him was to die. Alas! who is there that has not experienced these things? When we emerge from the azure why

does life go on?

All at once he heard a voice which seemed to come from the street, crying through the trees—"Monsieur Marius!"

He drew himself up guardedly; the voice was not entirely strange to him, and resembled Eponine's rough, hoarse accents.

"Hilloh?" he answered.

"Are you there, Monsieur Marius?"

"Yes. What is wanted?"

"Monsieur Marius," the voice resumed, "your friends are waiting for you at the barricade in the Rue de la Chanvrerie."

Marius ran to the railings, pulled aside the shifting bar, passed his head through, and saw some one, who seemed to be a young man, running away in the gloaming?

At this moment a ragged lad who was coming down the Rue Menilmont-



THE FIFTH OF JUNE, 1832

tant, holding in his hand a branch of flowering laburnum which he had picked on the heights of Belleville, noticed in the shop of a seller of curiosities an old holster-pistol. He threw his branch on the pavement and cried:

"Mother What's-your-name, I'll borrow your machine."

And he ran off with the pistol. It was little Gavroche going to the wars, singing the marseillaise at the top of his voice.

(To be continued)



Drawn by Woldemar Friederich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. XII.—HUNTING UNTIL DOOMSDAY

The wicked nobleman's wish and the curse of the outraged monk have been realized. Fierce figures, howling in riotous merriment, rush through the night air; and the cowering people of the forest cross themselves in terror.

ANIMAL-PAINTING AS A SPECIALTY

BY CLARENCE COOK

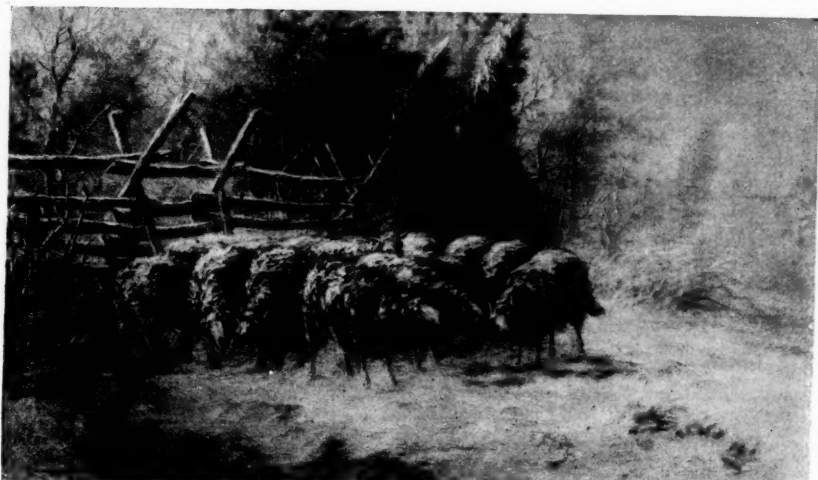
With original illustrations by Francis Wheaton.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING, genre-painting, animal-painting—if we do not owe them all, or entirely, to the Dutch of the Seventeenth century, that race of art-loving barbarians certainly gave them a fresh impulse: starting them off on a new road. In Italy, landscape-painting and animal-painting were, for a long period, mere episodes or adjuncts to religious pictures, and the latter scenes of domestic life were the pictures in which the Virgin and the Saints acted their idyllic drama. The Italian artists found in these legendary stories ample room for whatever fancy they might have had for painting familiar subjects: a gambling-scene was no less a gambling-scene because the men engaged in it were the victims of a saint's rebuke; and a richly furnished room, with a number of women of rank visiting a mother with her new-born child, was, to the unconcerned spectator, only a noble "Interior with Figures," albeit the scene represented was "The Birth of the Virgin Mary." Among a people as religious as the Italians, there would be plenty of play for the treatment of a great variety of familiar topics without leaving the Bible.

Animal-painting was not so easily come by, and, besides the fact that the religious stories gave little opportunity for the introduction of animals, Italian cattle are not in general attractive to the eye, nor likely to interest a painter by beauty of form or color. Among the later Italians there were few who showed more than a moderate degree of skill in painting animals. They did best with the horse, but

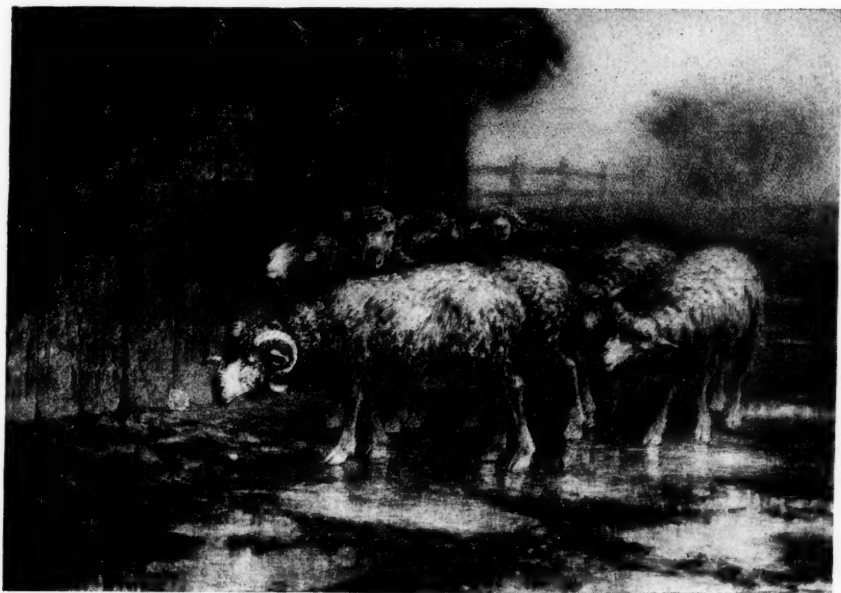


GUIDING THE FLOCK



WOW! BUT IT BLOWS!

they treated him rather as a splendid incident in their pictured story, and as making, with his richly caparisoned rider, a noble piece of decoration. The Bible offered few opportunities for the introduction of animals into pictures; and from the beginning, the Italian painters seized the opportunity given by the Adoration of the Wise Men to introduce the camel, but their success with this exotic beast was



PLEASE LET US IN OUT OF THE WET

only moderate: in the best pictures he is a queer compound of a horse and a donkey. Benozzo Gozzoli, however, in the picturesque painting of this subject with which he has covered the walls of the Riccardi Chapel in Florence as with a rich tapestry, introduces no camel, but, beside the horses the three kings are riding on, and the big hunting-dogs that course beside them, we have two cheetahs or hunting-leopards, one on the ground, one mounted on the saddle of his master, and a monkey on the saddle of another rider. There are, of course, hawks, as this is really a hunting-party, however disguised as a religious procession, and one of these has caught a rabbit, and is tearing it to pieces. But all these animals, though well enough represented according to the art of the time, are introduced only as parts of the whole subject: they are not expected to receive very much notice.



STUDY FOR "THE FLOCKS DESCENDING"

The same may be said of the only other animal-representations familiar to Italian art, and to the early religious art of the rest of Europe—the ox and ass, universally, and without exception so far as I have observed, introduced into pictures of the Nativity. It is seldom that more is seen of the two animals than their heads, and the artist has seldom employed more skill in painting these than was necessary to our understanding for what they are meant. They serve chiefly as symbols of the fact that the child Jesus was born in a stable, and they are present as well when that stable is mystically represented as part of the ruined temple, and the child is cradled in the hollowed surface of its rejected corner-stone, as when the scene is a veritable stable with a broken roof, through whose chinks the day-star sheds a cheerful ray, and the holy child's couch is the traditional manger.



THEIR FIRST VIEW OF THE COLD WORLD

But, as Holland gave us landscape-art, and pictures of domestic and social life for their own sakes, dis severed from all religious or even historical association, so she was to give us cattle-pieces where we were to admire the cows and bulls of her fat meadows for their own beauty of form and color, and not for their aid in telling a story. If Paul Potter's "Young Bull" was not the first cattle-piece given us

by the Dutch, it may at any rate be allowed to stand as the picture that emphasized the fact of the birth of a new art.

It is true that it has not gained in esteem with the passing of years and the increase of knowledge, as the great landscape of Titian's "Peter Martyr" was doing at the time of its stupid destruction, nor has it even held its own as a work of art; it is virtually



LAMBS AND SHEEP: A STUDY

to nothing better than portraiture.

Here at home we have produced several painters of animals who have earned a place among the best of those in Europe: and the artist whose name stands at the head of this paper is not the least deserving of the group. Francis Wheaton not only paints sheep and lambs with knowledge, but he has the skill to make them behave themselves in interesting ways. It may not be



IN THE CORNER OF THE FIELD



A STUDY FOR THE PICTURE, "A PEACE-MAKER"

relegated to the position of a curiosity, though it will long be looked upon with respect for the part it has played in the history of the art of painting.

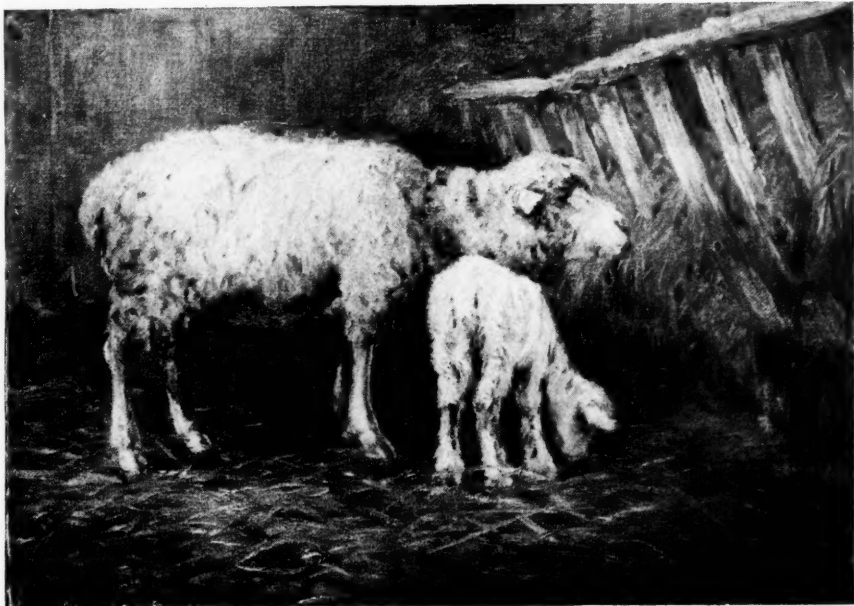
To-day, animal-painting is an art by itself, as distinct as landscape-painting, historical painting, or portrait-painting. In every country of Europe there are animal-painters who will leave their names to other times as admirable painters of cattle, sheep, horses, and dogs; painters who know how to give an artistic value to what may easily degenerate in-



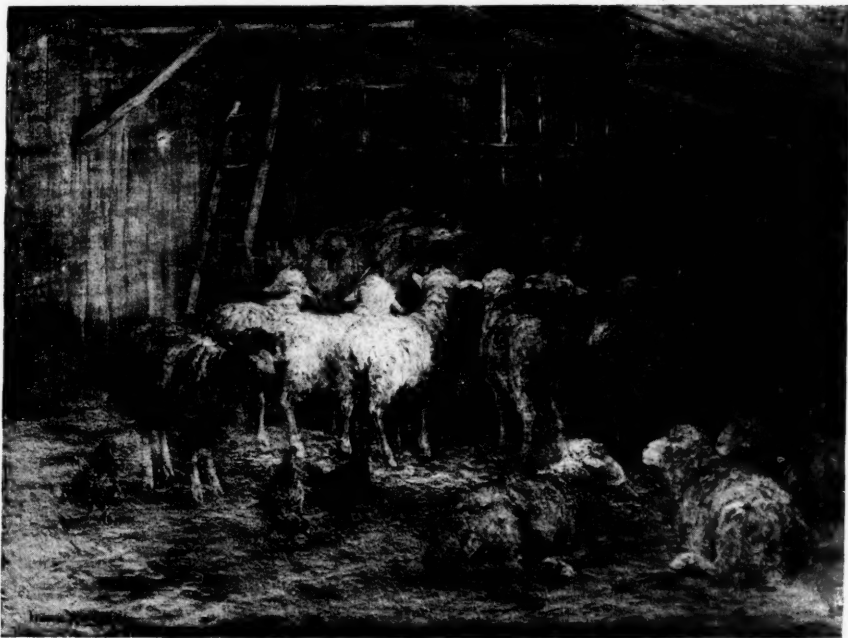
A HAPPY FAMILY

taken as a compliment, but it is an observation I will venture to make, that of all the domestic animals, sheep and dogs have the closest resemblance to human beings in their faces. Some may think that cats, also, ought to be added to the list.

This may explain to us why pictures in which these animals play a chief part are more interesting than pictures of cows and horses. We sel-



A SHEEP AND HER LAMB



A STUDY OF THE INTERIOR OF THE SHEEP-SHED

dom see a group of horses painted: the horse in fact is a very inartistic animal, and the new scientific way of painting him, devised by Mr. Muybridge and practiced by Mr. Remington, makes him a hideous and ungainly object. Cows and oxen on the other hand easily lend themselves to majestic treatment, to broad massing of light and shade, and to rich harmonies of color; as Emerson said of Daniel Webster, they make a fit feature in the landscape.

Dutch painters knew how to make delightful cabinet-pictures of cattle: as a rule, however, these large animals look best on a large canvas, while Charles Joeque and Mr. Wheaton show us how well sheep and lambs are suited to a smaller kind of pictures suitable for the home-walls.

Francis Wheaton has a variety in his subjects and his way of treating them that is not common. In his "On the Brink" and study for "The Flocks Descending" there is large feeling, that, in the latter picture amounts almost to grandeur, yet in "Their First View of the Cold World" there is a decided sense of humor yet free from caricature—that dangerous snare to the animal-painter. In "Wow! but it blows!" and "Please let us in out of the wet!" the artist touches a note of pathos and sympathy. There is a playful element in some of the smaller pictures, as, for instance, in "A Study of Lambs and Sheep" and "The Peace-maker," while in "A Sheep and her Lamb" and "The Interior of a Sheep-shed" the artist shows that he can make attractive a simple piece of portraiture, suggesting all the pleasant accompaniments of pastoral life.

Take Mr. Wheaton's work as a whole and he seems to me to deserve an honorable place among the animal-painters who have devoted themselves to chronicling the characters and fortunes of the sheep.



NOT OF THEIR * FOUR HUNDRED *

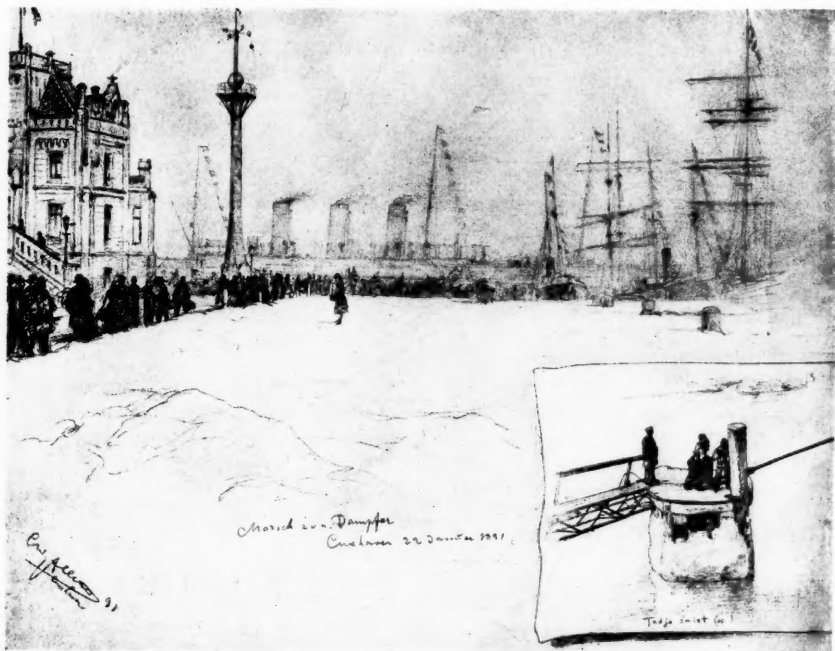
FROM CUXHAVEN TO CONSTANTINOPLE

By C. W. ALLERS

Illustrated from drawings by the author.



[WITHIN the past few years certain European steamship companies have organized special excursions, open to the public, to various coasts and ports of interest, making a stoppage of stipulated length at places worth special note, and returning at a given time. A single charge covers all cost of travel, the passenger making the steamer his home, and participating, if he pleases, in such side-trips as the schedule calls for. As no freight is carried, and all the arrangements are for sight-seeing and entertainment, this form of voyage approaches closely to the advantages of a private yacht, and the plan is growing in favor. The first of these excursions was from Cuxhaven (Hamburg) in the Hamburg-American steamship *Augusta Victoria* in the early winter of 1891. The



THE MARCH TO THE STEAMER AT CUXHAVEN

voyage was to the Mediterranean, which was circumnavigated, and stoppages were made at Alexandria, at ports of Palestine and in the Ionian sea, Constantinople, Athens, Naples, and certain other places of classic and picturesque interest. The passengers were chiefly German, and included many parties of friends; but all soon became acquaintances. Among them were several artists and correspondents, one of whom, C. W. Allers, had and maintains a high reputation as a draughtsman and "special artist." Immediately upon his return



Mr. Allers published a large album of sketches, accom-

panied by brief, chatty notes of the persons and adventures whom he met, which has now become a rare and costly book. Extensive

selections from this portfolio are reproduced herewith (to be continued in ensuing numbers) with a translation of such of his notes as seem applicable.]

January 22, 1891. *English Channel.*—At last we are off, bound for the Orient! The *Augusta Victoria* has been many days ice-bound. To-day it is splendid weather, deep snow and sunshine. The Emperor inspected us very early in the morning, for we met him on our way to Cuxhaven down the *Himmel-pforten*. In Cuxhaven there was abounding life and a blue sky. The whole nest and its neighborhood were on foot to see the Emperor, and to witness our departure.

In a long procession we tramped through the snow with our portmantaus to the terribly puffing *Augusta V.* The harbor and the shipping, the mighty towering ice-masses and the snow, all glistened picturesquely



"ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY BROTHER-IN-LAW"



in the sunshine. The good Cuxhaveners inspected our troop very closely, and on board we were received with music. Stewards appeared to be in abundance, and these companionable gentlemen very soon distributed us, men and baggage, in our allotted quarters. My sleeping-companion, Herr Tahnel, in the employ of the *Nord-Deutschen Allgemeine Zeitung* (a daily newspaper of Hamburg), was already unpacking, and we soon came to an understanding about the division of our cabin. I proceeded at once to arrange my belongings in an orderly manner. The electric light was tried, the mattresses were lifted and punched, and, satisfied with the arrangements, we shortly found our way on deck, where my handkerchief was at once brought into requisition to wave adieus to the assembled thousands. We had imperceptibly got under way amid ringing hurrahs. The band, led by Master Ascher, was playing vigorously; every hat and pocket-handkerchief was saying "good-bye;" and very soon the "old love" was lost to view. For an



"HI, ALLERS! ARE YOU INSIDE?"

hour and a half our course lay through ice and snow, looking like thick cream, before we reached the ice-free sea.

What confusion prevails on board such a steamer at the outset! But very soon everything is in traveling order. Every one has his own plate, knows his own steward, and the way to his own cabin. It takes some days, however, before the passenger finds out all the tricks and customs on shipboard, and is able to distinguish the bow from the stern without first taking counsel of the waves.



"I HAVE A SMALL FLASK"

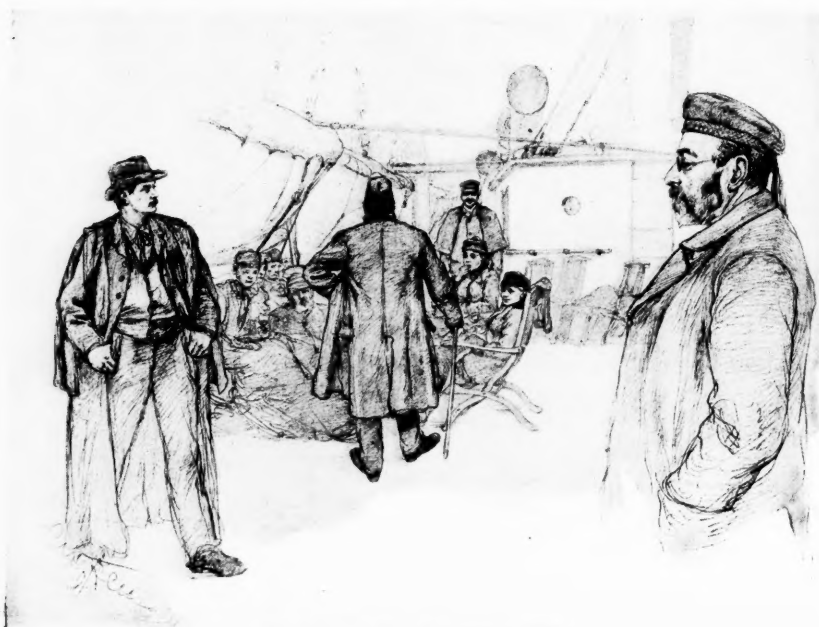
I soon find many more old acquaintances and good friends among the pas-

sengers than I had seen at first, and almost every man takes me away to his cabin to celebrate the happy meeting with cognac, for everybody, in spite of the rigid orders of the steamship company, has smuggled a small secret supply. In the matter of cognac no man trusts another—not even the steamships; and how pleasantly we have deceived ourselves, for there proves to be a supply of the very best sort on board. Here, for example, comes a smiling friend towing a laughing companion. "Allow me," he cries, "to introduce my brother-in-law, Biezosch!—Now isn't it delightful that we are to make the voyage together? The occasion is one to be moistened. I have brought a flask of rare cognac with me,—a splendid remedy for sea-sickness."

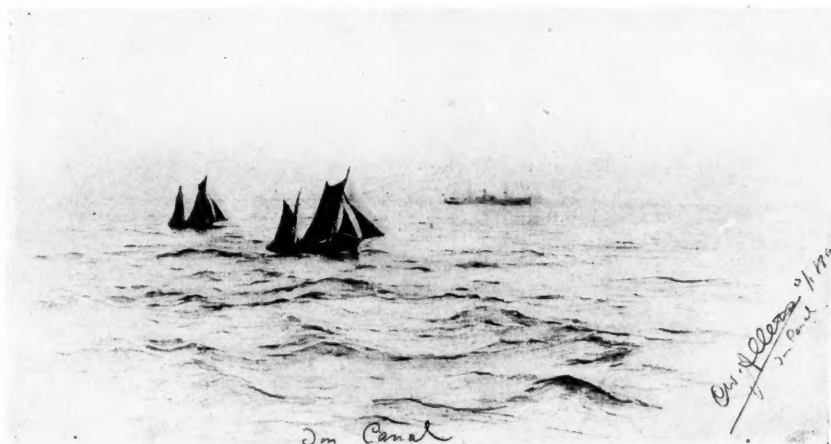


A CUP OF TEA

So it goes on all day, and the only incident worth mention otherwise was when Magnus called my attention to a character who appeared on deck in a fez and



THE ADVENT OF THE CHANNEL TURK



FISHING-BOATS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

was at once dubbed the Channel Turk.

"Say, Allers," said Magnus, "there's a picture for you. The Pasha of



MESSRS. ROYNHAUSEN AND FUCHS

Dover A No. 1. Sharpen your pencil and make a sketch of the Mussulman."

Southampton, Friday, January 23.—

Yesterday afternoon the sea was somewhat troubled, and many were absent from the table. Seasickness with music! In the neat beds, lighted by two little round windows, one lies very comfortably, listening to the murmur of the sea.

To-day there is a calm sea, but gray, cheerless weather. Early in the morning fogs came and went, giving now and then the shadow of invisible



A BROTHER CORRESPONDENT

strain or two of music; and by means of flag-signals the world and our friends at home were informed of our passage by the port. It cleared up later. In the afternoon the wind freshened and the sea rose, but, as if in our behalf, a storm, signalled from America cautioned us to seek shelter behind the Isle of Wight, where we are now lying in security.

We have music in abundance. In



THE ENGLISH PILOT

coasts past which we swiftly glided. Near Dover, England, the weather was a little clearer and we caught sight of a parade of troops and even heard a



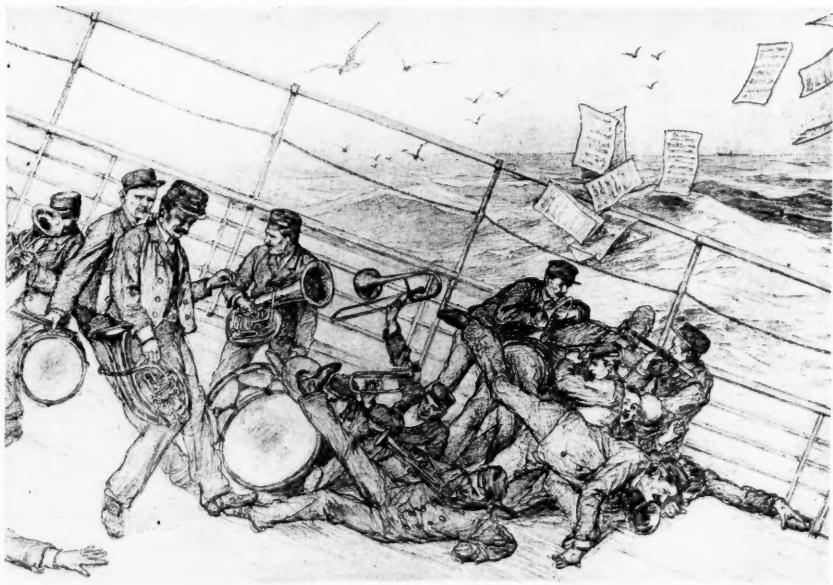
LETTER-WRITING IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

the early morning came a flag-parade. Farther on in the forenoon a promenade-concert, and bread-and-butter sandwiches as a preparation for luncheon. Band-master Ascher is on board with innumerable music-pieces, among them a full assortment of national hymns, intended to secure the goodwill of any people we may discover. He wears so many orders that he fairly clatters whenever he moves.

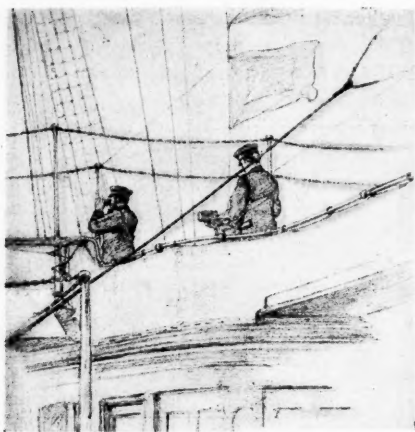
Long before luncheon a goodly number of men gather in the smoking-room, and get acquainted over cocktails, sherry-cobblers, grog or beer. Four colleagues of the brush make their appearance,—Bearath, Wallsee, Webb, and my room-mate Tahnel,—each representing some German periodical. We have on board a rapid printing-press, and Bearath has undertaken the direction and distribution every two or three days of the *Traveling Times* of the Augusta Victoria.

Southampton, Saturday, January 24.—It was quite dark yesterday when we arrived in the harbor of Southampton. We saw the Isle of Wight, gray and foggy, at twilight. Lofty chalk-cliffs and forest heights loomed through fog and rain. The pilot, a sturdy old fellow, came on board, mounting with familiar ease the long rope-ladder let down to him over the side of the swaying ship. To-day,—storm. The wind howls through the rigging and in every corner of the old town of Southampton, through which we have wandered in spite of rain and mud. It must be very delightful out at sea!

The English newsboys were on board early in the morning crying their papers. To-day an inspector of police also came on board and peeped shyly and admiringly into our rococo saloon. The Trave, of the North-German Lloyds, lies near us. As I hear that Paul Lindau, with his children and cats, and his nimble old house-keeper Christel, are on board, intending to voyage to Florida, I go over to greet



A DISCORD IN THE BAY OF BISCAY



ON THE BRIDGE

a mass of shivering, cowering creatures. Our band, always oiled and ever ready to strike up, greeted, refreshed, and gladdened their hearts with some lively strains, which the poor thankful devils answered with clapping and hurrahs. I sought a dry place on board and began to sketch. Our coal-heavers stopped work to-day at noon, as they count on



TOAST TO THE KAISER

my old friend. One soon habituates himself to his surroundings. After familiarity with the *Victoria*, the old *Trave* appears contracted and gloomy.

After dinner the *Trave* departed, and soon disappeared in fog and mist. The *Moravia* came in immediately afterward, with a great hole in her bows caused by striking the ice in the Elbe. Traveling more slowly than we, she was caught in the signalled snow-storm which we escaped. The decks swarm with sea-sick emigrants,



THE CAPTAIN

Saturday afternoon for a half-holiday, and no inducements could prevail upon them to continue it.

At Sea, Sunday, January 25.—

"What? Seasick? Donnerwetter! All imagination. Get up, operate the press vigorously and the nausea will soon cease. The paper must appear for the Kaiser's birthday; and if you don't get up at once, we will set you on shore at Gibraltar and leave you to get home the best way you can."

MEMOIRS OF A MINIATURE-PAINTER—I

BY THOMAS S. CUMMINGS

Arranged by Marguerite Tracy from the papers and drawings of the author.



THE painter of portraits "in small" had perhaps less opportunity of being known through public exhibitions than an artist of any other class. This was not only by reason of the size of his work but on account of its seclusion. During all my practice the exchange of miniatures formed the lover's engagement-pledge, and far from being publicly exhibited they were worn against the heart to be drawn forth by means of their blue ribbon—emblem of constancy—and dwelt upon only by the lovers themselves.

As to the term, "miniature-painter," it is of little consequence it is true. "A rose by any other name—" etc., yet some doubt seems to exist as to whether the expression applies to the artist or to his productions. There is nothing especially original or confined to myself in the following from a published notice:

"Ah! here is another worthy—my friend Cummings, who, as he is the last whom I address by name, so is he the least,—that is in the size of his pictures. He is a small painter, this Mr. Cummings, whether we regard the dimensions of his earthly tabernacle or those of his paintings, but if we consider their merit alone, ah! then we shall indeed find him A No. 1."

Now it is a well known fact that some of the largest men in the profession were miniature-painters, but let that pass. The term is uncalled for. It is meaningless, as it does not even designate the division of art represented. Marines and landscapes are always executed below natural size, yet who would think of calling them miniatures? On the other hand, who would describe as a colossal or mammoth painter the man who portrayed in magnified form that little nimble jumper yclept the flea? To all this, however, we would not offer serious objection were the term not so often used in a derogatory sense. In criticism it has been frequent to see portraits in small bunched together by the quantity, as "Nos. — — — Miniatures. Some good, some otherwise. The best, Nos. — — are by —."

The so-called miniature is a portrait, and the painter a portrait-painter. It will scarcely be questioned that a work in small, to possess the same merit, must have the same gracefulness of composition, correctness of drawing, truthful-





ness to nature, and the same proper management of color, light and shade. If it be painted on ivory and in water-color, the artist has a far less acceptable ground than the prepared canvas, for the ivory must be brought to a granular surface before the color will adhere to it, as it does but slowly and limitedly at best. The pigments are precisely those used in oil, but being mixed with water they can only be brought to an approximate depth and richness by the use of gum or mucilage—not an agreeable working-medium. The number of hours of actual work are far



greater than those required on the same kind of work in oil, more delicacy of touch is needed, more steadiness of hand; the eyes are far more tried, and in every way the work is doubly confining and exhausting to the system. To all this it may be added that the recompense is scarcely one-half, and the reputation attendant thereon not one quarter of that which is awarded to similar work in oil, be the size what it may.

About 1823, when I began to study under Henry Inman, almost all the artists painted both portraits in oil and miniatures in water-color, but for three years I confined my study to oil-portraiture. Then I copied a miniature on ivory in water-color,—a very sweet picture by Dickenson. Inman suggested that I try one from life, and when it was done he was very much pleased with it. On coming to the studio one morning he proposed that I should paint miniatures, as he was tired of it and had all the practice he wanted in oil. He framed a specimen and hung it on the wall beside mine. His price had been thirty dollars for a miniature, and he suggested that I should place mine at twenty-five and he would raise his to fifty. It was customary at that time with all the artists to have a specimen on the wall and a card of prices on the table. Some, it is true, had their works exhibited in windows on Broadway, but that was tabooed by genuine artists and at once relegated the adventurer to "the Buddingtonian school," so called from a man named Buddington who did the worst work in the city—and bad enough it was.

I did as Inman desired,





and was very thankful for what I thought would be an opportunity of earning money. People called, examined, and invariably chose the fifty-dollar style, and I received no orders, although I painted the greater portion of the fifty-dollar pictures for Inman, and was paid by him. One day on entering he said, "I am determined to do no more d— miniature-painting. Take down my specimen and let yours remain at the fifty-dollar price."

This brought me employment at once. No one objected to the price, and then we formed a firm of Inman & Cummings, Portrait and Miniature Painters, the second only of its kind in the country.

Inman received half the profits of the miniature-department, and the partnership continued until he moved to Philadelphia. Though I did not relinquish my oil-painting, and constantly did much of it for Inman, our arrangement made me a miniature-painter. Ingham, like Inman, gave up his miniature-work and sent it to me, on condition that I did not exhibit or present myself prominently before the public as a portrait-painter in oil. I might still paint in oil, but must not exhibit such work.

The miniature-painter had knowledge of many secrets, long before they were whispered abroad. At one time I was making portraits of fifteen engaged couples, all residents of the Seventh Ward, which was then the great aristocratic "West End" of New York City. These young people came two by two, and each couple wished to be painted without the knowledge of the others. It took much ingenuity in shifting them from room to room so that they would not see one another,



for as many as eight lovers were sometimes in the house at the same moment.

Once in a while, however, they betrayed themselves. A young man called on me very early in the morning, before I had had my breakfast, and took a first sitting, remarking, "Now, Mr. Cummings, I must make you a confidant of a very great secret. Can you and will you keep it?"

I told him that I thought I could and would, and that to do so was my professional duty, which I never willingly violated.

"Now," he said, "I am engaged to a young lady who has promised me to sit for her miniature. She wishes mine in return and I have not entirely promised. I mean to give it to her but I wish to surprise her, so I have come to sit first. When

you have finished with me for the day I will go and bring her. Now do you think you can keep the secret, even from her? I anticipate great pleasure from surprising her."

I assured him I was used to such things, but when her sitting had begun and she let her eyes fall with the timidity which was customary in those days, he asked, as sympathetically as a lover's voice could,—

"What is the matter, Susie?"

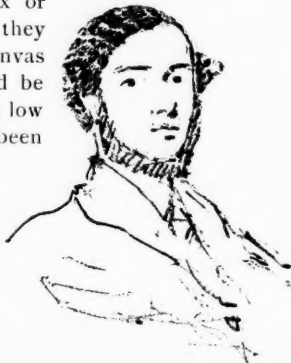
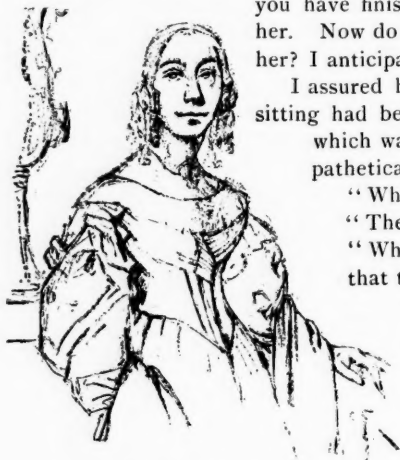
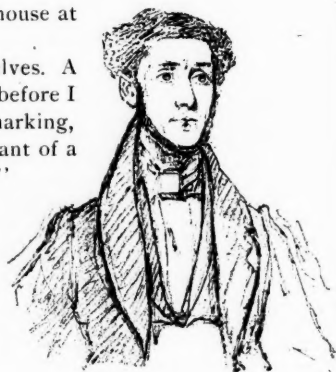
"The strong light affects my eyes," she answered.

"Why," he exclaimed unguardedly, "I found that trouble this morning when I took *my* sitting!"

It often happened that an artist was called upon to make many miniature copies of any favorite portrait. One day a carriage stopped at the studio door and two ladies came in, bringing a painting which they wished to have altered. It was a portrait of Mrs. Kernochan, the younger of the two, and

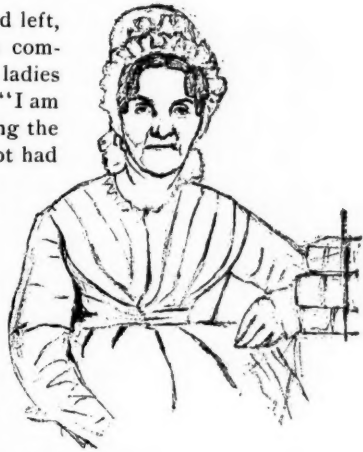
it had been painted when a very lofty head-dressing was fashionable. She had grown tired of the three upright bows of hair some six or eight inches high, and wished to have them removed as they were now out of style. I explained that unless the canvas were correspondingly cut down the alterations would be unsatisfactory, for the head would seem to be placed too low in the picture and would appear ridiculous, as if it had been crushed down.

Argument was of no avail. The young lady insisted that it should be painted out without altering the canvas and frame, and that she would take all the responsibility. As the portrait was excellent and had been painted by one of my friends, I respectfully but positively declined to touch it excepting on the conditions I had stated. The older lady counseled taking my ad-



vice but Mrs. Kernochan took up the picture and left, carrying it to another artist who proved more compliant. It was not long, however, before the ladies similarly equipped appeared again at my studio. "I am quite ashamed," Mrs. Kernochan said, unwrapping the picture. "You see I had it altered, and I have not had a moment's peace in the house since it came back. My husband, children, friends, all ridicule it. They say I look as if an extinguisher had been put on me. They expect every minute to see me pop up like a cork-jumper. I cannot stand it any longer, and I have called on you to restore it."

It had only been painted over with a new background, and as the new color was still fresh it could easily be removed and the bows would again rise toward the top of the picture. Laugh-



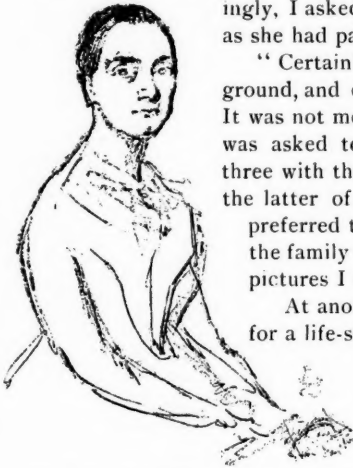
ingly, I asked her if she would be willing to pay me as much as she had paid the other artist for taking it off.

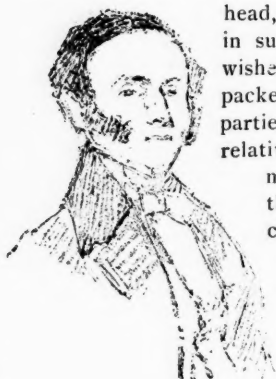
"Certainly, willingly," she said, so I removed the new background, and cleaned, revarnished and sent home the picture. It was not more than a year afterwards that she died, and I was asked to paint six copies of the portrait in miniature: three with the high, unfashionable bows, and three without,—the latter of course properly adapted to the change. Some preferred the one, some the other. I continued to paint for the family until I relinquished practice, and many were the pictures I executed for them.

At another time Mr. Pratt, of Philadelphia, came to me for a life-size portrait. He had been painted by almost all the well-known artists, but never with the fullest success. I undertook the work with some trepidation, for Mr. Pratt could only give me two days, and he was so aged and in such feeble health that he could not

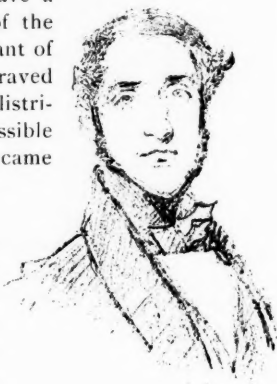
sit more than fifteen minutes without taking a half-hour's rest. The picture was to be forwarded by packet to his son in Europe, so it was finished as soon as possible and sent to Philadelphia for approval. In about as short a time as it could return a gentleman brought it back. When I saw him standing at the door with it I supposed it was a dead failure, but I did not blame myself under the circumstances and went to meet him resignedly.

To my amazement I found that the canvas had been nearly cut through in the lower part by two well scratched letters. It had been pronounced a perfect success and Mr. Pratt's daughter had cut her initials in it, declaring it should be hers. As she only wanted the





head, she made sure of it by putting her mark on the picture in such a manner that no one else would care for it. They wished it immediately copied,—the copy to be sent by the next packet,—as the only thing that could be done to please all parties. The next order was for twelve copies in miniature for relatives, and soon after a dozen more. Subsequently still more were wanted, but Mr. Pratt wrote that he really felt that he must let Philadelphia have a chance, and he gave a portion of the work to Mr. Lambden, a tenant of his. After all this, it was engraved in mezzotint to continue the distribution to friends, and it is impossible to remember how many orders came to me through its success.



A biographical note at this point seems like introducing people who have already become friends. But the readers of Mr. Cummings' notes will realize that while they have been entertained with many quaint glimpses of the times in which he lived, and have learned much about the art in which he was absorbed, he has told them nothing of himself.

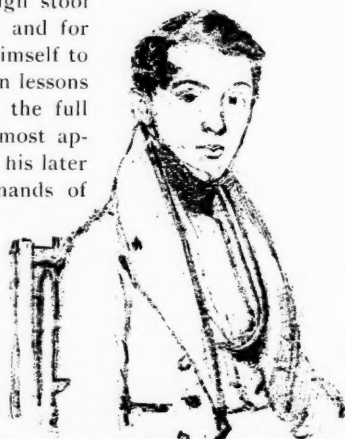
Thos. S. Cummings was born on August 26th, 1804, and was an only son. From his earliest childhood he evinced the strongest taste for art, and when Augustus Earle, "the Wandering Artist," drifted to New York, the Cummings family made him welcome at their home, and it was at his hands that the boy received his first instruction in drawing. He was at this time about fourteen years of age and his father was determined that he should become a merchant. To that end



he was assigned a high stool in a counting-room, and for three years applied himself to the mastery of certain lessons of commercial life, the full value of which was most appreciated by him in his later years. But the demands of trade could not con-

fine his creative, imaginative mind, and his father yielded finally to his desire to study art as a profession. He placed him under the instruction of Henry Inman, who afterwards took him into partnership.

He was married at the age of eighteen, and while still very young led in the founding of the National Academy of Design. The site of the pres-



ent building—so soon to become in its turn a memory—was chosen at his earnest council against the advice of many who thought it much too far up town. Had the other directors gone the whole length of his suggestion, and bought

ground which was offered them on Twenty-sixth Street and Madison Square at the exorbitant price of one hundred thousand dollars, they might have done even better by the Academy than in compromising on the Twenty-third-street site. It was in matters such as

these that Mr. Cummings's early business training returned to him with interest all that he had devoted to it of time and thought.

He belonged to the Second Regiment, State of New York Light Infantry, and passed rapidly through all the grades of office from ensign to colonel, and commanded the regiment for some ten years, when he was made brigadier-general.

He was looked upon as one of the soundest military jurists in the country, and his decisions, though sometimes contested by the most eminent legal talent, were never reversed by higher judicial authority.

He was indefatigable in his efforts to quicken and preserve a bond of sympathy between the artists, and the records of the Academy are filled with instances like the following, brought about at his special instigation, and doubly worth recollection:

He was indefatigable in his efforts to quicken and preserve a bond of sympathy between the artists, and the records of the Academy are filled with instances like the following, brought about at his special instigation, and doubly worth recollection:

December 9, 1845.—A special meeting was held for the purpose of passing amendments to the constitution, authorizing the payment of annuities to widows and children of deceased Academicians. Several efforts had been previously made to procure the attendance of the constitutional number of the Academicians without effect, and it had now become an indispensable requisite to give Mr. (Henry) Inman's family the benefits of its results (it being well known that Inman's days were numbered). That it should suc-



ceed, extraordinary efforts were resorted to. Miss Hall, an Academician, and the only lady in the executive, had never attended the committee meetings, but in view of the exceptional nature of the case she was solicited by Mr. Cummings to attend this meeting, and after great persuasion consented. Further, as a last resort, arrange-

ments had been made with Mrs. Inman, by which the Academy might adjourn to the *sick room* and make Inman one of the quorum, should this prove to be the only means by which a quorum

could be obtained. This contingency did occur. At nine o'clock in the evening, after exhausting all other sources, a quorum lacking one had been gotten together, and these adjourned to Inman's chamber.

Sitting in bed supported by Mrs. Inman and Mr. Cummings, surrounded by his brother Academicians, poor Inman listened to the hasty reading of the amendments that were to provide for his wife and family after his death. On calling the

next morning, Mr. Cummings received Miss Hall's assurance that she would, knowing what she now knew, be glad to attend a dozen meetings rather than have such an object fail for lack of her vote.

Mr. Cummings lived to see a vastly different world of art, as a younger generation returned from its studies abroad, and, disclaiming the traditions of the Academy, founded rival institutions and influences, until there was little left of the old conditions save the always broad opening for brotherly tokens.



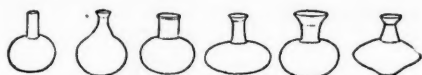


FIG. 102. A SCALE OF BOTTLE-FORMS



FIG. 103. FORMS OF TRIPOD SUPPORTS

THE POTTERY OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS

By W. J. HOFFMAN, M. D.

Illustrated from specimens in the National Museum.

V.—WATER-BOTTLES AND DOUBLE VESSELS

SOME of the most interesting examples of ceramic ware thus far recovered from the mounds and burial-places of the Mississippi valley, consist of a type of full-bodied, high or long-necked vessels, usually designated as water-bottles. Strange as it may seem, this type appears to be restricted, almost exclusively, to this particular region; and although the Pueblo Indians, generally, produce annually vast quantities of pottery, it is but seldom that specimens of this particular shape are met with, varieties of which are indicated in the series shown in

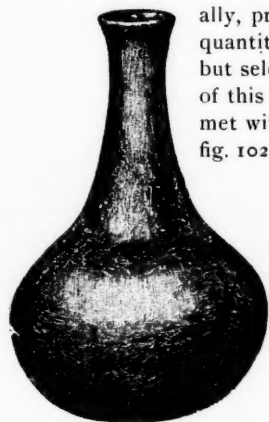


FIG. 105. AN ANCIENT BOTTLE:
TENNESSEE

fig. 102. They have been found, however, throughout Mexico, Central and South America; and they approach in grace of form the highest classic type characteristic of the countries bordering on the northern and eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and in Cyprus, as shown in the treasures unearthed by Schliemann, di Cesnola and other recent grave-explorers.

Some of these vessels, in fact the greater number, are round-bottomed or perhaps slightly flattened, though various forms of tripods and other bases occur, some or-

inary varieties being indicated in figure 103.

The feet are of various shapes and are attached to ordinary forms of vessels as well as bottles, so as to suggest that they were super-added features rather recently acquired; it is not denied however, that in pre-Columbian times legs were probably attached to vessels, such as would result from the need of appliances for steadying these utensils in boiling or baking. The manufacture of life-forms, such as bird-vases, would also suggest the tripod, as the feet and tail would give three supports, and

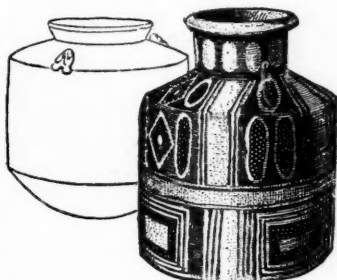


FIG. 104. A CHIRIQUI BOTTLE AND
ITS PROTOTYPE

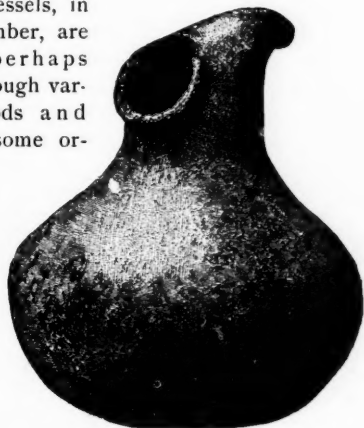


FIG. 106. A GOURD-SHAPED VESSEL:
MISSOURI

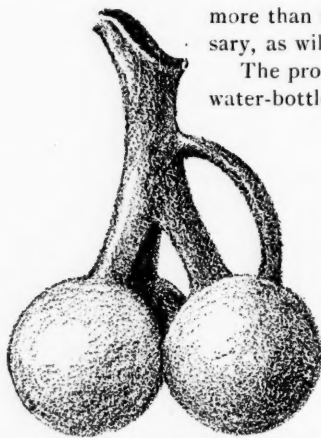


FIG. 107. AN ANTIQUE GREEK TRIPOD VESSEL: CYPRUS

more than this number would be unnecessary, as will be seen in figure 114. The prototype of the simplest form of water-bottle may have been the gourd, as this article is so employed by the Zuñi and other Pueblo tribes even at the present day; and in a vessel of this shape from a mound in Missouri (figure 106) the top is modeled to represent the curved stem and neck, with unmistakable realism. A plain, unornamented bottle from Tennessee (fig. 105), is a good illustration of the type usually met with in the area above mentioned, the globular form of the body and its gradual contraction toward the neck suggesting very strongly the shape of the gourd as its probable prototype. A scarce, and perhaps unique, specimen from Alabama, is ornamented after a style somewhat Mexican; it has the same gourd-like shape, and was very probably modeled after that vegetable. A graceful and ornamental bottle from Missouri, in which the body is rather more flattened and turnip-like, is illustrated in fig. 110. Similar in shape of the body, though

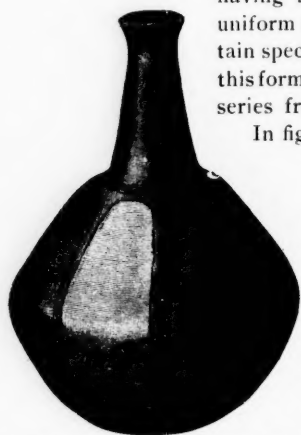


FIG. 108. A PREHISTORIC BOTTLE: ARKANSAS

having a longer neck of uniform diameter, are certain specimens found in Arkansas, and this form seems to be typical of a large series from the mounds of that state.

In fig. 104 is shown an interesting form of bottle from Chiriqui, in which the upright sides and flat base are like the product of the modern glass-manufacturer. The shape, however, is of prehistoric design, and is only an improvement on an older prototype, of which the outline appears partly hidden by

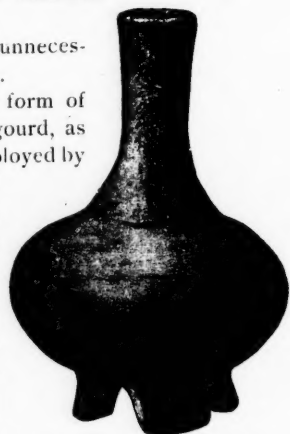


FIG. 109. A TRIPOD BOTTLE: MISSOURI

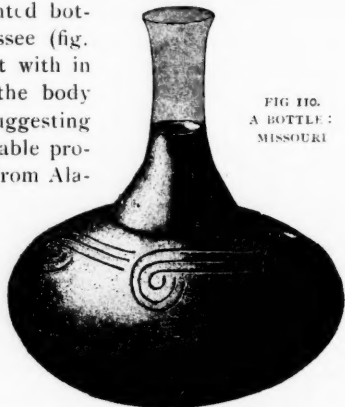


FIG. 110.
A BOTTLE:
MISSOURI



FIG. 111. A TRIPOD BOTTLE: ARKANSAS



FIG. 112. A WATER-BOTTLE:
ARKANSAS

though not so conspicuous, as in another Arkansas specimen, which also has a rim or stand added at the bottom to give it steadiness. This bottom-rim is often much broader; and in one example from Arkansas is notable through being perforated at various points. A similar and continuous rim, in which the perforations were widened into square spaces, leaving a divided base of three flat feet, is shown in fig. 109. This vase or bottle has a body of grace-



FIG. 113. A PERUVIAN BLACK-WARE
WATER BOTTLE

ful form, very nearly like some of those above mentioned, as, for example, figure 110. How the divisions of the bottom-rim noted above developed into feet, appears rudely in a cumbersome-looking vessel (fig. 111), with a wide neck, resting upon three globular feet, which are hollow and left open, so that the cavities communicate with the body. Continuing the elongation of the legs, though retaining the globular feet, which are connected with one another by rods or tubes, we have a vessel similar to that shown in fig. 115, and described by Mr. Thurston in "The Antiquities of Tennessee" (Cincinnati, 1890), as from that state. A very interesting tripod vessel is shown in figure 114. The specimen is from a burial-place in Arkansas, and although the form is rare among the ancient varieties, it is exceedingly frequent in modern Zuñi. This owl-shaped bottle presents good modeling; the wings are represented by incised lines, while the plumage is indicated by al-

the principal figure. It will be noticed that the base of this older specimen is conical, as in many of the vases from the same province. Both of these specimens are decorated, the painted design upon the latter being nearly obliterated, while upon the former the ornamentation occupies the entire surface, and is divided into two sections by a red band about the middle.

The bottle indicated in fig. 108 is a handsome vessel of graceful proportions, having vertical ridges, the spaces or belts between which are colored, alternately, red and white. There is a flattened bottom, without any rim or indication of feet. The mouth is slightly flaring, and the body has a pronounced girdle or horizontal ridge, somewhat similar,



FIG. 114. AN OWL-SHAPED
TRIPOD: ARKANSAS

Continuing the elongation of the legs, though retaining the globular feet, which are connected with one another by rods or tubes, we have a vessel similar to that shown in fig. 115, and described by Mr. Thurston in "The Antiquities of Tennessee" (Cincinnati, 1890), as from that state.

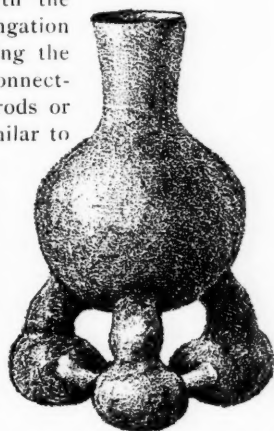


FIG. 115. A TRIPOD BOTTLE
TENNESSEE

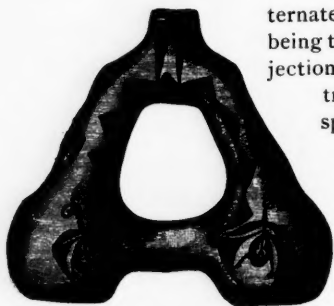


FIG. 116. A DOUBLE-BODIED VESSEL:
ZUNI

Temples." (New York, 1878.) The hollow, globular feet, very much resemble those in fig. 115, though the neck, with its pitcher-like handle, gives the upper portion a much more graceful appearance. Another illustration of an interesting and analogous form, though from an entirely different part of the world, is a four-footed bottle from Ancon, Peru, represented in figure 118. This vessel is very much like some from the island of Cyprus and from the excavations on the site of Troy.

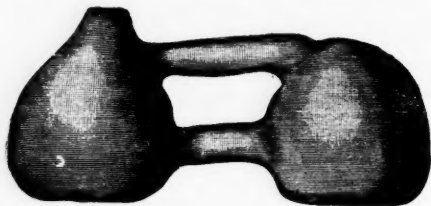


FIG. 117. A DOUBLE WATER-VESSEL: MOKI WARE

pueblo of Santa Clara, New Mexico. The body in each case is rather turnip-shaped and bears decorations in black, red and white. This form is one constantly recurring in Peru, as is shown by countless examples in European and American collections. The accompanying illustration (fig. 113) represents a typical vase of this sort. It is reproduced from Reuss and Stübel's German work on Peruvian antiquities. The characteristic feature is that the body is connected with the neck by a hoop-shaped tube, which serves at the same time as a

ternate bands of pale red and yellow-gray, the latter being the ground-color of the vessel. Its tail and the projections representing the feet form a natural and effective tripod for its support. Illustrations of Puebloan specimens of bird-forms will be given farther on.

A beautiful vessel found by General di Cesnola in Cyprus, is shown in figure 107, reproduced from an illustration in a work by that gentleman, entitled: "Cyprus; Its ancient Cities, Tombs and



FIG. 118. A PERUVIAN FOUR-FOOTED
VESSEL

The double neck indicated in the preceding, also appears in a bottle of eccentric form found at the foot of a skeleton in a grave at Pecan Point, Arkansas, and again in an interesting specimen of modern ware, from the

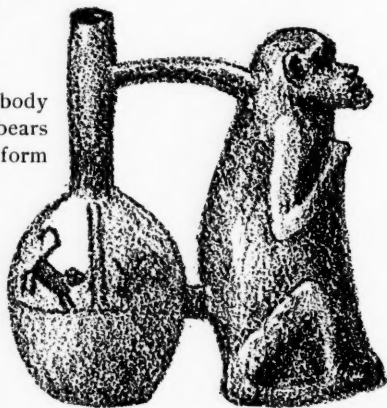


FIG. 119. A PERUVIAN COMPOUND VESSEL



FIG. 120. A BIRD-LIKE VESSEL: COCHITI
The orifice of this and many similar pueblo-made vessels is in the top of the head.

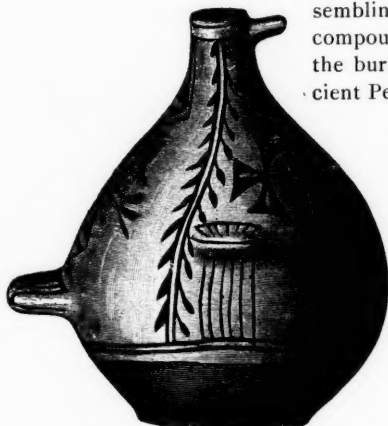


FIG. 121. A QUAIN WATER-JAR:
COCHITI

the vase and bowl. In one instance (fig. 123) peculiar knobs or ears are placed on the sides of the neck of the bottle near the lip. These resemble the corolla of a flower, but may also be copied from the wheel-like coils of hair gathered up at the sides of the head of Moki maidens. In another specimen from the same locality, a longer single projection from one side of the neck survives, suggesting the remains of a handle which may have extended down to the shoulder, as in the pitcher. A handle of this kind, upon either side, would readily suggest the urn or vase, the finest examples of which form are found on the shores of the

handle. Frequently these vessels are decorated, usually some animate form being depicted, sometimes in color, and again in relief, upon the sides of the body. The specimen here referred to is of black earthenware, and was discovered in the necropolis at Ancon.

A vessel in Washington from Zuñi approaches toward the type of double vessel, the bodies being small and the neck or connecting-piece between them being almost as narrow as the upper portions, so that the whole structure resembles a letter A. This peculiarity is more striking in fig. 117, consisting of a specimen of pottery from the Moki town, Wolpi, in Arizona, of brown ware and rather rudely made, yet re-

sembling very strongly many compound vessels found in the burial-places of the ancient Peruvians, one illustration of which is reproduced herewith in figure 119, representing a bottle connected by two hollow tubes with the back of a hollow effigy of a monkey.



FIG. 122. A BIRD-LIKE FORM:
ZUNI

In the ancient province of Tusayan, Arizona, large quantities of prehistoric pottery have been recovered, but only a few examples present the characteristics of the bottle, the more common form being that of

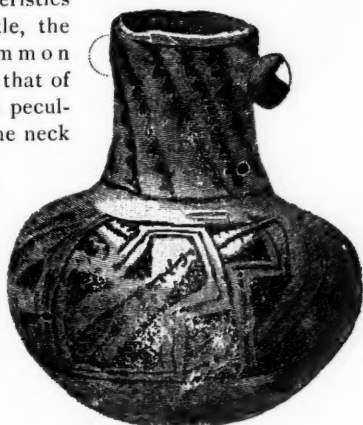


FIG. 123. AN ANCIENT EARED BOTTLE:
TUSAYAN



FIG. 124. AN EFFIGY-VESSEL:
COCHITI

Mediterranean producing hydræ and other refined shapes. A water vessel from the pueblo of Cochiti, New Mexico, is interesting, in that one projection appears at the side of the neck, while a second is on the opposite side of the body, low down. Seen in profile, the outline of the whole readily suggests a bird, very rudely indicated. The bird-form is more clearly indicated in a vessel from Zuñi (fig. 122), which presents the characteristics of the duck-like form after which it is modeled. The mouth is pronounced, and colored, while the wings are indicated in like manner. Another Zuñian example in the National Museum is a good imitation of an owl, with the legs and feet clearly distinct from the body and serving as a rest for the vessel. The eyes and plumage are indicated by the application of brown colors. The eyes are large, which, together with the short ear-like projections above them, seem to denote that the potter had before him as a model the horned owl—*Bubo virginianus*. In a Cochiti vessel of this class we find a basket-like handle, extending from the neck of the bird to the rump, again suggesting the general form of the pitcher, as in



FIG. 125. A PREHISTORIC PITCHER:
CANON DE CHELLY, N. M.

fig. 120; while in another effigy-vessel before me (fig. 124), the body is almost upright in position, giving a form and position of handle closely approaching the pitcher,—an ancient specimen of which, found in the ruins of Cañon de Chelly, New Mexico, is illustrated in fig. 126.

Returning for a moment to fig. 120, the next deviation from the bird-form is perceptible in the absence of the tail, as in fig. 125, while a true basket-form results in the farthest removed and most highly conventionalized examples as shown in fig. 127. The rim is terraced, suggesting the conventional cloud-form, while the reference to its use for holding water, is further evinced in the delineation of lizards and tadpoles, both animals being aquatic and symbolical of water.

These basket-like vessels are of great frequency and figure extensively in ritualistic ceremonials. In one exceedingly interesting specimen in the National Museum, the handle bears colored decorations of



FIG. 125. A BASKET-LIKE VESSEL:
COCHITI

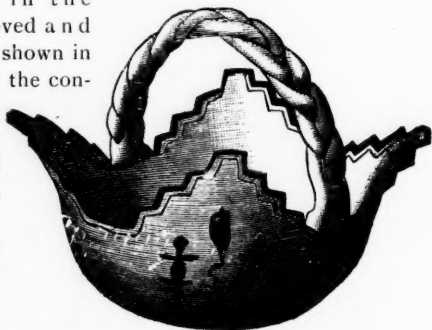


FIG. 127. A BASKET-LIKE WATER-VESSEL:
ZUNI

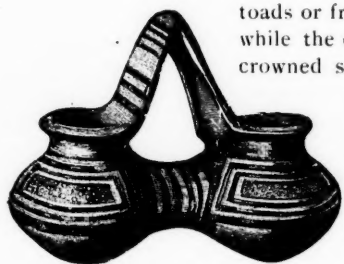


FIG. 128. A DOUBLE VESSEL:
CHIRIQUI

These usually consist of two small wide-mouthed bottles, or perhaps small vases, joined together at the greatest diameter, and connected above by a hooped handle to unite the inner surfaces of the lips of the vessels. Similar in every respect are some of the compound vessels obtained in the province of Chiriqui. Fig. 131 represents one of graceful shape, the handle being rather strong, but the two compartments do not communicate with one another, as in some examples of double bottles before described. In another specimen from the same locality (fig. 128), the bowls are a little farther removed from one another, though the general shape is the same. In both cases the surface bears color-decoration. In general form these Chiriqui vessels occupy a position intermediate between those from Peru, and those obtained in Zuñi, an illustration of an example from the last named locality being given in figure



FIG. 130. A QUADRUPE CUP: ZUÑI

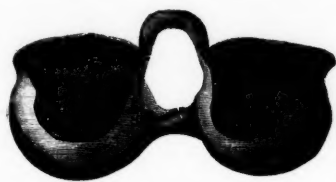


FIG. 129. A DOUBLE VESSEL: ZUÑI

examples; it was doubtless a fanciful creation.

There is a variety of ware extant among various Puebloan tribes, and also in Mexico, to which reference has already been made and which it is necessary to describe. The so-called canteen, of which illustrations are given in figures 132 and 133, appears to be an imitation of the form of the human mammary gland; some of these vessels are very similar indeed to that organ, as is to be seen in the comparative illustration, (fig. 132); and Frank H. Cushing states that the Zuñi name of the

129. The resemblance is remarkable, though the finish is less artistic than upon those from the more southern localities.

In this connection may be presented a Zuñi quadruple cup, (fig. 130) the bowls being united at the sides without bars, and being, also, without the handle indicated upon the preceding



FIG. 131. A DOUBLE VESSEL: CHIRIQUI



FIG. 132. A WOMAN'S BREAST IMITATED IN THE PUEBLO FORM OF CANTEEN

A fanciful variant of the preceding, having three figures of bird-heads attached to the top of the body, equidistant from one another and from the mouth of the vessel, is given in figure 134. Rings at either side, for holding a rope or strap, indicate the manner in which the specimen was carried by natives of Santa Clara, by whom it was made in imitation of the polished black ware peculiar to that people. The addition to the exterior of vessels of animal or other living objects, as decorations, is peculiar not only to the Pueblo Indians, but prevails extensively in other parts of the American continent. Frequently such ornamentation is the result of fancy or a desire to exhibit skill in imitation, but the greater number of what appear to us to be grotesque forms or creatures of mythic outline only, are prompted by far deeper motives, and based upon cult and shamanistic beliefs and ceremonials. This is the



FIG. 134. A GROTESQUE FORM: SANTA CRUZ, N. M.

vessel is *me'he ton ne*; while *me'ha na*, the name of the mammary gland, gives rise to *wo'ha na*, hanging or placed against anything, obviously because the mammaries hang or are placed against the breast. These vessels are used to carry water to long distances only, and are possibly the clay survivals of a prototype made of wicker-work, grass and roots, as such were, until recently, in use among some of the Shoshonian tribes. These canteens are carried upon the back by means of a band passed across the forehead.



FIG. 133. A CANTEEN: ZUNI (compare fig. 132)

interpretation of a large part of the decorative marks and designs with which Indian pottery is ornamented. Both molded and painted figures are very largely symbolic,—a fact true of all savage and barbarous art, and lingering long among civilized nations, especially in religious art, which is more or less impregnated with legendary if not superstitious elements. We may see in an Indian's design only a figure of some bird or animal: but to him it bears a deeper significance.

Types of ware embracing exaggerated life-forms, and examples of the purely grotesque, will receive treatment in another paper.

(To be continued)

